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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.

THE

CABINET

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE	1
SARAH BERNHARDT	3
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY	6
PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES	9
LORD ARMSTRONG	11
MARY ANDERSON AND MRS. STIRLING	14
MR. JAMES PAYN	17
THE PRINCE OF WALES	19
SOME LEADING ACTRESSES:—A GROUP	22
MISS MAUDE MILLETT	25
THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER	27
MR. LEWIS MORRIS	30
MISS ANNA WILLIAMS	33
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT	36
SIR JAMES LINTON	38
MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD	41
THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER	44
SIGNOR PIATTI	46
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD	49
MRS. LANGTRY	52
COLONEL MAURICE	54
THE PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND MAUD OF WALES	57
SIR FREDERICK ABEL	59
THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D D.	62
PROFESSOR HUXLEY	65

PAGE

MRS. FAWCETT 68

LORD HERSCHELL 70

HERR JOACHIM 73

MRS. LYNN LINTON 76

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES 78

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY 81

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY 84

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON 86

THE REV. DR. WARRE 89

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD 92

SIR HENRY PONSONBY. 95

ERRATUM.

Page 3, line 24, for "Miss Smithson" read "Mrs. Clarkson."

THE

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.

IN this brief sketch of the happy pair long linked together by the bond of mutual affection, and united in matrimony on July 27, 1889, at the Royal Chapel, Buckingham Palace, precedence must be accorded to the illustrious bride, in virtue of her royal rank and of the paramount interest with which the offspring of our venerable and beloved Sovereign are regarded by the nation at large.

Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar—thus named after her maternal and paternal grandmothers, the Queens of Denmark and Great Britain, her mother, the Princess of Wales, and her aunt, the Marchioness of Lorne—is the eldest daughter and third child of the Heir Apparent to the thrones of the United Kingdom and India, and was born on February 20, 1867. During her early childhood—indeed, until she entered upon her teens—she bore a striking resemblance to her accomplished kinswoman and namesake, the Princess Louise, in character and manner as well as in appearance. In matters of taste, too, there was a manifest affinity between aunt and niece: both displayed a marked predilection for the study of music, drawing, and languages; both were strongly addicted to out-of-door life and vigorous bodily exercise; both entertained a passionate fondness for the land of heather and cakes; both fell in love with and married Scotchmen. The Duchess of Fife's education, throughout her girlhood, was personally and assiduously superintended by her mother. In English, French, and German literature she had the advantage of being instructed by several ladies of great gifts and high intellectual cultivation. Under their auspices she became a fluent talker and ready writer in two foreign languages, as well as in her native tongue. Long before she attained the dignity of "long frocks" she had become an indefatigable pedestrian and brilliant equestrian, as well as an expert gymnast and skilful fencer.

Under her mother's tuition she attained notable proficiency as a dairy-maid, confectioner, and needlewoman; her father taught her to shoot and fish, *secundum artem.* She has travelled much and profitably with her parents, and her circle of playmates as a child, and of intimate associates as a "grown-up" maiden, has always been a large one, chiefly consisting of her near kinsfolk—for the name of her English, Russian, Danish, German, and Greek cousins is legion. The Duchess of Fife loves animals and flowers dearly; she is charitable to the poor, and tenderly kind to the afflicted. Hers is essentially a strong individuality, remarkable alike for its steadfastness of will, loftiness of spirit, and keen sense of humour.

Alexander William George Duff, Duke and Earl of Fife, Marquis and Viscount Macduff, Baron Skene in the United Kingdom, and Braco in Ireland, was born on November 10, 1849, succeeded his father, the fifth Earl, in 1879, and was created a British Peer in 1885. He was educated at Eton, and as Viscount Macduff, in 1874, carried a closely contested election for the counties of Nairn and Elgin, in the Whig interest. Six years later, shortly after his transfer to the House of Lords, the Earl of Fife was appointed Gold Stick, Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and extra Under Secretary for Home Affairs, an office which he held until 1885. In 1882 Her Majesty charged him with a special mission to Dresden, there to invest the present King of Saxony with the insignia of the Order of the Garter. He seceded from the Gladstonian following on the Home Rule question, and became an enthusiastic Unionist. He is a Knight of the Thistle, a Privy Councillor, and a member of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster.

The Duke of Fife is well-favoured, and powerfully but symmetrically built; a keen sportsman, a liberal landlord, fluent speaker, and fertile conversationalist. In art and literature he takes a lively and intelligent interest. His ancestry, though not distinctly traceable to the original Thanes of Fife (the 21st of whom and 13th Earl died without male issue in 1353) is of respectable antiquity, dating from 1404, in which year his forefather, David Duff—a scion of the Clan Duff—was Laird of the Barony of Muldavit, co. Banff. His Grace, moreover, is a great-grandson of William IV., and consequently third cousin to his Royal consort, a great-granddaughter of that monarch's younger brother, the Duke of Kent.

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SARAH BERNHARDT.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

THERE is no task more difficult than to arrive at a fair estimate of dramatic talent. An actor, while he still holds the stage, is so close to us that we may hardly focus him. But when once his voice is silenced his art is dead. "He carves his image in the snow."

When the stage history of the present age comes to be written, the most prominent figure in it will doubtless be Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. In spite of the mass of material at their disposal our great-grandchildren will not easily make up their minds upon her merits. The old war between personal genius and artistic accomplishment has waged furiously round her name. She has been denounced as nothing more than an eccentric personality; she has been applauded as the embodiment of subtle art. We believe the truth will be found to lie somewhere between these two extremes.

Sarah Bernhardt was born of Jewish parents, five-and-forty years ago. She early adopted the stage as a profession, and by the time she was eighteen she had already won two prizes at the Conservatoire. Her first appearance at the Comédie Française was a failure, and for some years she seems to have retired from the stage. It was in 1869 that her first real success came. In that year her performance in *Ruy Blas* was irresistible, and won ungrudging praise from Victor Hugo. After the war she went back to the Comédie Française, was elected a *Sociétaire*, and for the next six years met with unbroken success. She filled a long series of characters, and Madame de Belle Isle, Dona Sol in *Hernani*, ~~Miss Smithson~~, in *L'Étrangère*, Marguerite in *La Dame aux Camélias*, Phédre, Frou-Frou, and Adrienne Lecouvreur were among her many triumphs. It was in 1879, when the members of the Comédie Française visited London, that her supreme moment of victory arrived. It is within the memory of all with what enthusiasm she was received at the Gaiety Theatre. The rest of the company met with cold approval. She was worshipped with undivided fervour. The homage of the British public enabled her to realise her strength. She broke her connection with the Comédie Française, and has

been a free-lance ever since. Her career during the last ten years may best be described as a series of triumphant voyages round the world. She is as well known in London, New York, and Rio Janeiro as she is in Paris.

Mme. Bernhardt's physical equipment is complete. She is of slight build, and lissom as a snake, yet devoid of neither dignity nor grace. Intellectuality rather than beauty shines in her face. The Jewish type is not too pronounced, and the carriage of her delicately-shaped head upon her shoulders is perfect. She has an easy control over all her limbs down to her long taper fingers. She can walk with an almost imperial majesty; she can crawl across the stage with the stealthy ferocity of a tigress. Her voice is of singular power and sweetness: it is the trained servant of her emotions, and she can make it thrill to love or hate, cajolery or revenge. Her elocution is marvellous; whether she speaks with measured slowness or with lightning rapidity, whether she gives her voice its full volume or lowers it to a hushed whisper, not a syllable that she utters need be lost to the audience. Her education was of the best. At the Conservatoire she was trained in the traditions of the house of Molière. In her acting the result of her school is always apparent. Whether we like the effect which she produces or not, we recognise that it is calculated. She never relies on chance. We have often heard it said in praise of a third-rate actor, "He is so natural; he carries the manners of a drawing-room on to the stage." But such praise as this is in reality condemnation. Nature is the negation of art. In order to appear natural a player must employ a hundred artifices. And herein lies Mme. Bernhardt's strength. Every movement, every gesture, is the outcome of study. No less remarkable than her mastery over herself is her range of character. Her lithe figure and mobile features, her ready intelligence and the compass of her voice, have enabled her to represent almost every emotion from frivolity to despair, from coquetry to revenge. How tender is she in the second act of *Adrienne Lecouvreur;* how pitiless in her encounter with the Princess! It is impossible to forget the childish petulance of Frou-Frou, the coquetry and pathos of Marguerite Gautier. The more ostensible emotions Mme. Bernhardt can represent with an extraordinary wealth of detail and suggestion. Yet she can never scale the heights of tragedy. Her rendering of Lady Macbeth was interesting, that is all. If it be true (and who would gainsay it?) that "he who is greatest in the highest reaches of his art is the greatest artist," Sarah Bernhardt may not rank with Sarah Siddons, Edmund Kean, or Rachel.

And thus we get the best measure of her power. With all her accomplishment, all her art, all her knowledge of herself, there is something lacking in Sarah Bernhardt. Immeasurably superior to the majority of her contemporaries, she stands below the supreme artists of all time. Macready said that there was one great excellence that distinguished all the personations of Mrs. Siddons—"the unity of design, the just relation of all parts to the whole, that made us forget the actress in the character she assumed." When we see Sarah Bernhardt we never forget the actress. So aggressive is her personality that she identifies all the characters with herself, and if they do not harmonise with her idiosyncrasy the result is failure. Over her own gestures and emotions she has complete control. She is unable to realisè the gestures and emotions of others.

In all that she has attempted Mme. Bernhardt has proved that she is lavishly endowed with the artistic temperament. Like Mrs. Siddons, she beguiles her leisure with sculpture. In this branch of art she has attained considerable success, and has once been honoured with a commission from the Government. She has painted pictures, and contributed articles to journals. In 1888 she performed at the Odéon in a drama of her own entitled *L'Aveu*. In the sensational art of *réclame* she is without a rival. The world has been thrilled with the announcements, which are of doubtful truth, that she sleeps in a coffin, and masquerades in male attire. When Marie Colombier libelled her, she not only published a book, "Marie Pigeonnier," which is said to have been from the pen of a well-known poet, but she horsewhipped her assailant as well. Yet with all her eccentricities and short-comings, it must not be forgotten that she possesses enormous talent, and hardly falls short of being a woman of genius.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE fierce light that beats upon the throne of a sovereign is seldom so much as reflected on that of an archbishop. Consistency is usually taken for granted in the case of a primate chosen by the Queen and her advisers, elected by the Chapter of the province to govern and administer its spiritualities, and installed and enthroned without potential opposition; so that few people, even as compared with the great numbers who are nominally included in the communion of the Church of England, are acquainted with the characteristics or greatly concerned with the official and social observances of the Right Honourable and Most Reverend Prelate. At the same time a very large proportion of the inhabitants of this country are interested in the "views" held by the Archbishop with regard to the differences in the form and ritual of public worship, and those implied differences in doctrine which have for so many years been subjects of controversy. In a population of about 26,000,000 more than half, or 13,500,000, is set down as representing the numbers belonging to the Church of England, for whom about 6,200,000 church sittings are available; and though it may be argued that persons who do not describe themselves as belonging to any particular sect or communion are included in this computation, there is a multitude of people who are professedly not within the pale of the Church, who yet are rather non-conformists to the rule and method of worship than dissenters from broad episcopal doctrines; and these take a lively interest in the opinions of the Archbishop, his "attitude" in respect of extreme "practices" in the Church, and his general relation to the whole religious community of the country. This may well be the case when it is remembered that the province of Canterbury represents 17,500,000 persons and the diocese more than 650,000, that the number of benefices in England is about 13,500, that the Archbishop is patron of 187 livings, and the clergy, from the Archbishop to the stipendiary curates and unattached priests and deacons, number 23,000.

It became, then, a feature of great national importance who should be chosen as successor to Archbishop Tait, who, after a long illness, died on the

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THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

2nd of December, 1882. The choice had doubtless been made with the full assurance that he who was selected possessed not only consummate ability, but that varied and peculiar experience which would enable him to fill the responsibilities of the highest ecclesiastical authority at a time when calm discriminating judgment and an eminent practical faculty for organisation were required to uphold the claims of the Established Church. These facilities were believed to distinguish the Right Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., the first Bishop of Truro, who had for many years filled successive appointments, each of which may be supposed to have given him peculiar opportunities for acquiring the knowledge essential for the administration of the ecclesiastical Province of Canterbury. Every step of his career had been marked by well-earned distinction, from the time that he left King Edward's School at Birmingham for Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1852, when he was twenty-three years of age, he took his degree, was first class in Classics, senior Chancellor's Gold Medallist, and senior optime. In the following year he took his fellowship, and was ordained priest in 1857, having for some time been one of the masters at Rugby. He became head master of Wellington College, and held that office from 1858 to 1872, when he became Chancellor and residentiary canon of Lincoln Cathedral, of which he had been prebendary for three years previously. Among the books which he has written (including of course numerous sermons and essays), his "Boy Life; Sundays in Wellington College," is a very striking example of that simple directness of appeal, and easy, or, as it is often called, "flowing" style of address which distinguishes his preaching and his public speeches. It also exhibits a remarkable acquaintance with the peculiar influences and ways of thinking which affect boys and youths during that critical period of life when many of them belong to the community of a large public school. Of his other works, "Singleheart," "The Seven Gifts," and "Commencing of a Day," are perhaps best known, though an earlier book, entitled "Work, Friendship, and Worship," was widely received by those who may be called general readers. As a contribution to the popular side of ecclesiastical topics may be mentioned "The Cathedral: Its Place in the Life and Work of the Church." From 1873 to 1875 Dr. Benson was Honorary Chaplain, and from 1875 to 1877 Chaplain, to Her Majesty the Queen, and during all that period had been Examining Chaplain to the then Bishop of Lincoln.

In April, 1877, Truro had just been elevated into a bishopric, and to Dr. Benson was offered the dignity of being the first bishop of the new Cornish

diocese, to the endowment of which Lady Rolle had munificently contributed. Nobody who knew anything of the successive appointments which he had so worthily fulfilled was surprised at the choice of the Queen and her advisers.

On the death of Dr. Tait, the high attainments and great personal experience of the Bishop of Truro indicated that to him should be offered the vacant primacy, and this decision was at once communicated to him. It was not till after a delay of several weeks that the first imposing ceremony was announced to take place on the 4th of March. From the tardy procedure inferences had been half expressed that a certain amount of opposition had to be surmounted; but there was no symptom of adverse opinion when, on the appointed day, in Bow Church (St. Maria de Arcubus), in Cheapside, Dr. Tristram, proctor for the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, presented the letters patent under the Great Seal for the confirmation of the election, and the representatives of the Dean and Chapter accepted and confirmed them.

The enthronement of the Archbishop took place on the 30th, and the interest in the event was manifested by the attendance of an unusually large concourse of visitors, numbers of whom came from Lincoln and many from Cornwall, while London was represented by a great assembly, the Duke of Edinburgh representing the Royal Family, and a number of distinguished noblemen and gentlemen attesting the honour in which the Archbishop was held in the Legislature and the great institutions of the country.

After the ceremony the Dean and Chapter entertained a numerous company in the library, when His Grace made a significant response to words of welcome, "The Church is called on in a marvellous manner to be free from superstitions, and having gone back as she has to primitive models and to searching the Divine oracles, and ready as she is to accept reform where there is need of amending and reform, I find great hope of her future."

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PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES, K.G.

N the morning of the 3rd of June, 1865, Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert of Wales was born at Marlborough House, the second child and second son of the Prince and Princess of Wales. At the age of twelve Prince George of Wales, a merry round-faced lad, the picture of happy health, began the professional career to which he was destined. The second son of the Heir Apparent, like the second son of the Queen, was to be a sailor; and in 1877, with his brother, Prince Albert Victor, he went on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, to be entered as a cadet. Performing all the duties of that initial rank, precisely the same as other youngsters in the same degree, the princes remained on board the *Britannia* for two years, continuing their general studies under the governance of the Rev. John Neale Dalton. How vast were the opportunities, how splendid the privileges enjoyed by their Royal Highnesses in their teens, while pursuing this novel course of education, may be read in almost every page of "The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship *Bacchante*" from 1879 to 1882. These two bulky volumes were compiled from the private journals, letters, and note-books of the royal sailor boys. They read the best works upon the countries they visited, and supplemented them with the endless object lessons supplied by every clime.

The first line of the preface to "The Cruise" is a plea in anticipation that the book has no pretension to literary form. There is literary form nevertheless; and although the personal authorship of particular entries can only be guessed at, there is much internal evidence that Prince George of Wales supplied many of the prettiest descriptions, touched with a neat poetic flavour, clear, with a spirit of frankness, and all alive with the buoyancy of a healthy and active mind. One may reasonably suppose that he it was who revelled most in Charles Kingsley, took pride in apt quotations from the poets, was in the thick of the pranks incident to crossing the Equator, and was not absent when there was sport by land and water to be had. Prince George (with his brother) was rated midshipman on Jan. 8th, 1880 —and the famous cruise to the Mediterranean, Teneriffe, West Indies,

Bermudas, Vigo, Ferrol, St. Vincent, The Plate, Falkland Islands, Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Fiji, Japan, China, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Egypt, and Palestine ended on August 5th, 1882. Three days later the princes were confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in presence of the Queen, in Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight, a number of the officers of the *Bacchante* being present.

Thenceforth Prince George of Wales, performing every duty of every grade without distinction or difference between himself and his messmates, continued his sailor-life without the companionship of his brother. He became sub-lieutenant in 1884, lieutenant in 1885; has been made a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and some foreign orders; and is personal Naval Aide-de-camp to the Queen. While on active service as lieutenant on board the *Alexandra*—upon which the Duke of Edinburgh hoists his Admiral's flag in the Mediterranean—His Royal Highness, during his visits to England, has made occasional public appearances. On the landing of the Empress Frederick of Germany at Port Victoria in November, 1888, Prince George of Wales was present, with the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, having just arrived from Greece after a long absence from home. On the 1st June (1889) the Prince was, by patrimony in the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, admitted to the freedom of the City of London, with the formalities common to such civic ceremonies. His Royal Highness made a short manly speech in reply, remarking that as a sailor he was particularly interested in the ceremony, as it occurred on the anniversary of Lord Howe's victory nearly a century ago. On July 10th Prince George of Wales made his *début* as chairman at a public dinner given at Fishmongers' Hall, the object being the establishment of an insurance fund for fishermen, which His Royal Highness ably advocated. During the naval inspection at Spithead, previous to the dispersal of the fleet for the autumn manœuvres, Prince George had temporary command of one of the torpedo boats, and in September he was appointed lieutenant of the royal yacht *Osborne*.

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LORD ARMSTRONG.

LORD ARMSTRONG.

ILLIAM GEORGE, Lord Armstrong, is the first mechanical engineer who has attained the dignity of a peerage in this country. His family was at the end of last century settled, apparently in rather humble circumstances, at Wreay in Cumberland, a little village near Carlisle. Lord Armstrong's father, indeed, jumped at the offer of one Losh, a corn-merchant, to migrate to Newcastle, where his patron gave him a clerkship in his office at a small weekly wage. In process of time the poor clerk from Wreay made himself so useful that his employers gave him a partnership, and he thus became a member of the firm of Messrs. Losh, Lubbrin & Co., well known on Tyneside as corn-merchants. The elder Armstrong now emerges into local history as town-councillor, alderman (1847), and mayor (1850), for in time his partners retired, and the business of Losh, Lubbrin & Co. fell entirely into his hands. Alderman Armstrong was a man with scientific tastes, and he was at pains to encourage his son William, born to him in 1810, to study mathematics. But though a shrewd man, he made one great mistake in his life. He would insist on turning his son into a lawyer, though the boy was manifestly a born mechanician.

After leaving Bishop Auckland Grammar School, the parental command went forth, and the lad dutifully entered the office of Mr. Armorer Donkin, solicitor of Newcastle, who soon took him into partnership, the business being carried on under the name of Donkin, Stable, and Armstrong. One day in 1836, while fishing for trout in the dale of Dent, in Yorkshire, young Armstrong noticed that the wheel of a mill was driven by a stream of water of which only twenty feet out of many hundred feet of fall were utilised. Why should so much power be squandered? he asked, and the question haunted him even in the press of legal business. Suppose, he argued, that the water were brought down from its source in a tube, and made to act by pressure at its lowest level, then none of its power would be wasted. For some years he made experiments in developing this idea in hydraulics, and the result was that an automatic hydraulic wheel was invented, and the first attempt to convert a column of water into a motive power was made.

A curious story going round Tyneside at this time, to the effect that one of the boilers at the Cramlington Colliery was bewitched, roused the curiosity of the scientific solicitor. Armstrong went into all the facts, and found that the boiler was insulated so that the friction of the particles of water, blown off with high-pressure steam, generated electricity. This led him to investigate and lay down the laws regulating the generation of electricity by high-pressure steam, and it caused him to invent his "hydro-electric machine," for the production of frictional electricity. Better still, his researches procured for him the Fellowship of the Royal Society. In 1845 his firm was appointed solicitors to a company who undertook to supply water from Whittle Dene to Newcastle and Gateshead. The directors put their resources at his disposal for working out the idea that had been suggested to him by the old water-mill in the Dale of Dent. He set up an hydraulic crane at Quayside, Newcastle, using the pressure from the Whittle Dene Company's waterpipes as the motive power, and the apparatus was so successful that orders for similar cranes soon came in from all parts of the world. This invention caused him to be elected a member of the Institute of Engineers, and in 1847 Mr. Armstrong formed with his old friend and partner Mr. Donkin, with whom were associated Mr. Potter, Mr. Richard Lambert, and Mr. Crudders, a partnership to carry on engineering works at Elswick for the manufacture of hydraulic cranes.

One morning, when reading the accounts in the papers of the Battle of Inkerman, Mr. Armstrong was struck by two facts. It was, he noticed, the galling fire of two 18-pounder guns that mainly contributed to our victory. But on the other hand the utmost difficulty had been experienced in getting these heavy clumsy pieces into position. Could not an equally long range be got by means of lighter ordnance? Why not rifle cannon as well as small arms? Armstrong, having worked out these questions, obtained through a friend an introduction to the Duke of Newcastle, the Minister of War, who authorised him to construct one gun for trial, which was submitted to and approved by the Government in 1856.

"The difference between the Armstrong gun and the old type of cannon in use," said a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "was this—the new gun could hit a two feet six inch target at a distance at which the old guns would miss a haystack." The Armstrong gun is a breech-loader, made of small bars of wrought iron. When at white heat, they are twisted round a steel tube and welded. Others are twisted over these in the

opposite direction; layer after layer being added as increased strength is desired. It can be made to load at the breech or at the muzzle, and the core being rifled, the projectiles are coated with soft metal to fit the groove of the bore. It is less than half the weight of the old gun, and consumes only half the powder. Its range is three times as far as that of the old weapon, and of its accuracy we have spoken already. Mr. Armstrong presented his invention to the nation as a free gift, but the Government conferred on him a knighthood, the Companionship of the Bath, and created for him the appointment of Engineer of Rifled Ordnance, with a salary of £2,000 a year for seven years. A government contract was also entered into with the Elswick firm, under which the company found the plant for the sole use of the Government, on condition that the Government should keep it at work making guns, or pay compensation if it remained idle. The terms of the contract imply that Sir William Armstrong was trusted by the War Office to an unusual extent, for the person who makes guns for the State is seldom identical with the Superintending Engineer of the Rifled Ordnance. In 1863 the contract ended, as the Armstrong gun had fallen into disrepute. The Government paid £65,000 as compensation. Since 1863 the Elswick works have, in a sense, been competitors with the Government factories in gun-making; and Sir William Armstrong's establishment at Elswick has but one rival—that of Krupp at Essen. In 1863, too, Sir William Armstrong was chosen as President of the British Association, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he delivered an address, predicting that in two centuries we should find our coal supplies exhausted.

Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice has poured in upon Sir William Armstrong, and two years ago he was raised to the peerage. But if Fortune has smiled on him, he has ever been quick to share her gifts with others. The new Museum at Newcastle cost £40,000. But to the building fund Lord Armstrong subscribed £10,000 and Lady Armstrong £2,500. In 1878 he presented 26 acres of his beautiful estate at Jesmond to Newcastle for a public park. Subsequently he gave the town 54 acres of his High Jesmond Estate, a lovely wooded dell or "dene," full of charming walks, bridges, cascades, and grottos. Individually Lord Armstrong is a kindly person, with fine diplomatic gifts, and a marvellous power of organising labour and utilising men with original ideas. Perhaps the best testimonial to his character is to be found in the fact that the workpeople at Elswick are devoted to him.

MARY ANDERSON AND MRS. STIRLING.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has a double claim upon our consideration. She has won for herself so distinguished a position upon the stage that her claims cannot be set aside without argument, though opinion is still divided as to her merits. And then she is a reigning beauty, who has few dangerous rivals. Like Mr. Burne-Jones, she may be said to have invented a type. Perhaps this type existed before Miss Anderson came to England in 1883. At any rate it has become pronounced since her advent, and it is far more healthy than that for which we have to thank Mr. Burne-Jones and the Pre-Raphaelites. As an actress, we feel confident that Miss Anderson has not yet done herself full justice. Her physical advantages have always stood her in good stead. Her attitudes in repose could not be bettered. There is something exquisitely graceful in her movement and gesture, when they are not strained or violent. The quality she best represents is girlishness. In the earlier scenes her Juliet was charming; her Perdita was a *tour de force.* But in her portrayal of passion and emotion there is always something wanting. She seems to lose control of her voice in pathetic passages, and she has not as yet shown any touch of that magnetism which could move an audience to tears. For these reasons her representation of Hermione may scarcely be counted a success. Her strength and weakness received admirable illustration in *Pygmalion and Galatea.* Her artlessness in the lighter scenes was irresistible; in the serious portions she left us unmoved. No one could detect the *note émue* in her final appeal to Pygmalion;- it was but a cold echo from the grave, and approximated dangerously to burlesque. Although Miss Anderson has an intimate knowledge of the technical side of acting, a certain self-consciousness has prevented her from gaining a complete mastery over her craft. She just falls short of entire concealment of her art, and too often forces us to remember that she is on the stage. Her Clarice in Mr. Gilbert's *Comedy and Tragedy*, in many respects an excellent performance, was marred by a certain staginess which experience and study should render impossible. After all, her Rosalind remains her greatest triumph. It has a spontaneity and

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MARY ANDERSON AND MRS. STIRLING.

consistency which are convincing. It is the most sympathetic character that Miss Anderson has attempted, and might oftener be enacted without becoming wearisome.

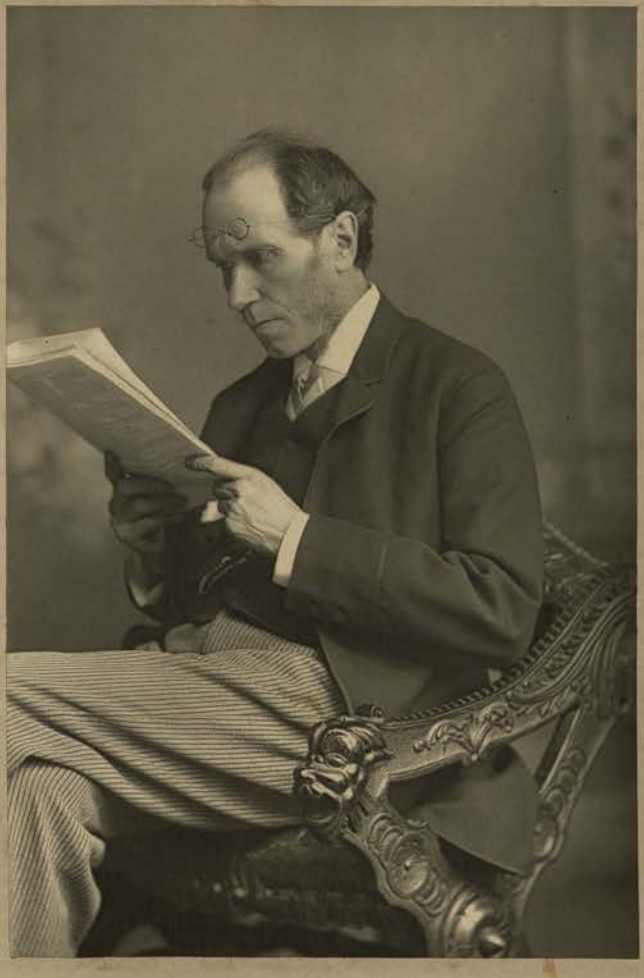
The facts of Miss Anderson's life are soon told. She was born in 1859, and made her first appearance as an actress at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1875. After some years of hard work in the States, during which she played Julia (in *The Hunchback*), Pauline (in *The Lady of Lyons*), Meg Merrilees, and other parts, Miss Anderson came to England. This was in 1883, and Parthenia (in *Ingomar*) was the *rôle* in which she was first seen in this country. Her popularity was at once assured, and since 1883 Miss Anderson has made more than one long sojourn in England; in the season of 1884–5, at the Lyceum, she played Juliet, with Mrs. Stirling in the character of the Nurse.

Miss Anderson's success has been won entirely by devotion to her work. She has never relied for aid upon advertisement or notoriety. Her society has been eagerly sought on account of her excellent personal qualities, and it should be recorded that she is not only an actress but a cultivated lady as well.

MRS. STIRLING may claim a distinction which has fallen to the lot of few players. She has held a by no means unimportant place on the stage for considerably more than half a century. It is just fifty years ago that she took the part of Beatrice in a revival of *Much Ado about Nothing* at Drury Lane Theatre. She was then twenty-three years of age (1816 is the year of her birth), and it was by no means her first appearance on the stage. For several seasons she had been seen at the Adelphi and St. James's Theatres, and had already won an enviable popularity. She made her *début* in 1833, the year of Edmund Kean's last appearance on the stage. She has acted with Macready and Wallack, with Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, with Webster, Buckstone, and Compton. These are great names, and those who bore them are all gone. Mrs. Stirling alone is left to remind us of one of the most brilliant periods in our dramatic history. What a volume of reminiscences she could write, if she would! During her career the stage has felt the shock of many revolutions. She has witnessed the triumph of the carpenter and upholsterer, and the subordination

of dramatic art to spectacular requirements. The social exaltation of the player too must have afforded her food for much merriment. In the days when she was playing Beatrice and Celia the *entrée* of a drawing-room in Mayfair was not the end and aim of an actor's ambition.

Mrs. Stirling has had a twofold career. *We* know that she is unrivalled as the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, that she is the best representative that can be found of Mrs. Malaprop or Mrs. Hardcastle. Our fathers saw in her the charming heroine of many of Shakespeare's comedies; for them she created Peg Woffington in *Masks and Faces*, and Mrs. Trotter Southdown in *To Oblige Benson*. But if the playgoer of to-day is only dimly conscious of the triumphs of her youth, which will give her her place in stage history, he bears willing testimony to the humour and truthfulness of her conception of the characters she has assumed of late years. As to the excellence of her Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* there is singular unanimity. The part was broadly conceived, yet illustrated by a thousand details. There was a fulness and colour about the performance which are too rarely met with on the stage. All that she has done has been marked by finish and restraint. It was not for nothing that she was educated in the old school. Her gesture and elocution are the result of patient study. She has an easy control over the resources of her art. She is as different as possible from the drawing-room *comédienne*, who thinks that she will succeed by behaving on the stage as she does at home. This heresy was unknown in the days in which Mrs. Stirling formed her method. A word must be said of her triumphs in other fields. In 1869 she left the stage for some years to give dramatic readings, and she has proved at the Royal Academy of Music that she is a competent teacher of elocution.



W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

MR. JAMES PAYN.

MR. JAMES PAYN.

AMONG living English novelists there is none better known than Mr. James Payn, the author, as he himself has told us, of more than two score volumes of entertaining and wholesome fiction. His name is familiar not only to the reading world at large, but to every member of the travelling public who occasionally lingers before a railway bookstall, for in the literature of the bookstalls Mr. Payn's novels always fill a prominent place.

The genial and gifted author of "Lost Sir Massingberd" and its successors was born in the year 1830. He came of good family, and was originally intended for the army. After passing through a more or less satisfactory educational experience at Eton, and at the Military Academy at Woolwich, he made up his mind that the profession of arms was not one for which he had any taste, and believing the pen to be mightier than the sword, he abandoned his military studies, and went to Trinity College, Cambridge, there to fit himself for a literary life.

From the days when he left Cambridge, and started on his own account in the world, he has been one of the most versatile and energetic members of the profession of letters, and has produced, in addition to the innumerable novels of which we have spoken, many other volumes in the shape of poems, handbooks to the Lake District—of which district he has always been passionately fond—and a delightful little autobiography under the title of "Some Literary Recollections." He was besides, for many years, the Editor of "Chambers's Journal," and whilst filling that office gave kindly aid and advice to not a few young aspirants to the honours and emoluments, such as they are, of literature. Nor does this by any means exhaust the story of his labours in the world of letters. Though never professing to be a journalist, Mr. Payn has written regularly and largely for the newspaper press—some of his delightful holiday essays from the *Times* having been re-printed in a separate form—and he has always been a constant contributor to many of our leading magazines and reviews.

Of his novels it is superfluous to say much, seeing that there are few

members of the reading public who are not acquainted with them. It may be said, however, that they are always ingenious in construction (Mr. Payn being singularly happy in his plots), rich in character sketches, healthy in tone, and written in a spirit of kindly geniality which endears alike the books and their author to the reader. Moreover, humour being one of Mr. Payn's strong points, his novels possess that most desirable quality to a degree not common in English works of fiction.

Mr. Payn is a rapid worker, and probably produces his successful stories with more ease than any of his contemporaries.

In literary circles, in London, he is deservedly one of the most popular figures. No man of his time, indeed, has shown a greater sympathy with young men beginning literary life, or has done more to smooth the path of the ardent and ambitious neophyte, ignorant of the many obstacles which lie before him in his struggle for fame.

Himself the friend of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Miss Mitford, and of a host of other men and women of genius, whose names, alas, are now but a memory, he furnishes a happy link between the past and the present of literary England, and will undoubtedly leave behind him in the fulness of time a reputation, not only for distinguished ability in his profession, but for bright spirits, wholesome wit, and real kindliness of nature, which will be cherished in innumerable hearts.

For some years past Mr. Payn has successfully presided over the fortunes of the "Cornhill Magazine," in the pages of which not a few of his best novels have appeared. It may be added, as a contribution to our knowledge of "authors at play," that he excels in the game of whist, in which he finds his favourite recreation.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

THE position of the Prince of Wales differs in some essential points from that of other royal heirs apparent. Since in the year 1861 the dark shadow of death fell across the life of the beloved and illustrious Sovereign who still occupies the throne of these realms, His Royal Highness has had to discharge on behalf of Her Majesty many of the most difficult and delicate duties which generally fall to the lot of the Sovereign. The Prince has had to practically assume the position of head of the vast and complex social system of English life without being at the same time head of the State.

For the accomplishment of a duty so unique, and cast upon him at so early an age, His Royal Highness had fortunately not only great natural capacity, but also the advantage of that wide and varied training which his illustrious and lamented father had with conspicuous sagacity and characteristic soundness of judgment provided for him.

The results of the essentially practical character and the widely diversified range of the Prince's early education have been fully manifested in his subsequent career. There is no department of English activity or thought or culture, no range of social enterprise or of charitable endeavour, with which the Prince of Wales has not been personally acquainted, and in connection with which he has not done some practical work or indirectly rendered some valuable service. To mention the topics on which His Royal Highness has spoken in public would be to enumerate nearly all the movements, social, educational, charitable, of a non-political nature which have been launched or developed during the last quarter of a century. To his untiring energy alone the Royal College of Music and the Imperial Institute owe their origination. He has addressed with equal felicity professional assemblies of doctors, of lawyers, of soldiers, and of sailors, of literary men and merchants, the vast mixed audiences that have assembled on the occasion of opening some great exhibition, and the smaller and more critical ones that have gathered at festival dinners. Amid the almost bewildering

multitude of subjects with which the heir apparent has had thus to deal, and of duties which he has had to discharge, it would seem almost impossible for a single individual to take a real interest in them all, or to enter with any minuteness into each. The Prince, however, has an extraordinary faculty for almost instinctively grasping the prominent features and the really essential points of any subject. He does not trouble himself with the merely accidental, but goes direct to the very heart and centre of the matter. Anyone who is master of his subject, and has been questioned by the Prince upon some points on which His Royal Highness desired information, knows how clear and direct are the inquiries, and how unequivocal and definite must be the reply. For a man who has a mere smattering of a subject to pose before the Prince as though really possessed of a knowledge of it is a dangerous experiment, sure to terminate in disaster. Thoroughness and accuracy are the two essentials which the Prince requires and which alone he values. It is this element in his character which makes His Royal Highness one of the very best speakers for the promotion of any practical object, and a model Chairman of Committee. The Prince of Wales thoroughly appreciates the display of popular feelings on the part of all classes which invariably greets him upon all public occasions. There is no other man in England so universally and so deservedly popular in the best sense of the word. The people recognise in His Royal Highness one who, while occupying the most exalted position (save one) in the Empire, has thoroughly and sympathetically entered into every phase of English life. Without any insular prejudice, but on the contrary rather cosmopolitan in his tastes, His Royal Highness is known by everyone to be first of all an Englishman, proud of his country, jealous of her fame, confident of her future, and ever ready to fulfil in her best and truest interests the famous motto of his high position, *Ich Dien.*

While the Prince has of course never in the smallest degree displayed any personal party leanings, His Royal Highness follows with intense interest all the political movements of the day, and keeps himself fully informed as regards every stage of Imperial policy.

In his charming home at Sandringham the Prince discharges the duties and enters into the pursuits of an ordinary English country gentleman. The house itself does not suggest the idea of royal splendour, but rather of home comfort and domestic enjoyment. The guests received by the royal master

and mistress of this happy English home with a cordial and genial welcome feel at once at their ease. They will enjoy during their stay everything that a hospitality as truly princely as it is thoughtful can supply. According to individual tastes they will be shown the Model Dairy, the Stables, the perfectly ordered and extensive garden, and the almost countless objects of interest within and around Sandringham House, the Prince and Princess always acting personally as guides, and taking a laudable and justifiable pride in the perfection of every detail. On Sunday all the Royal Party and their guests will attend Divine Service in the morning at the charming little church of St. Mary Magdalen in the Park, which is at once the Parish Church of Sandringham, and practically a private chapel for the House; and again in the afternoon or evening the Royal Party will be present at either West Newton or Wolferton Church, both of which have been completely restored since the Prince became owner of the property. The working mens' club which His Royal Highness established in the village, and the little cottage hospital which is the special care of the Princess, are evidences of the thoughtful care of their Royal Highnesses for those who reside on their property, or are engaged in work upon the estate. Some intimate and favoured guest will perhaps also be shown the room which has the most tender associations connected with it of any in Sandringham House, towards which in the latter weeks of 1871 the thoughts not only of England but of the whole civilised world turned in respectful sympathy and loving hope for the Royal sufferer lying there, whose life for weeks seemed to tremble in the balance. The most touching memorial of that sad and anxious time is the spot in Sandringham Churchyard where the groom is buried who died in that year from the same fever from which his Royal master recovered; a simple stone marks the grave, with the words, selected by the Prince himself, and so full of meaning and of feeling, "the one was taken and the other left."

The domestic life of the Prince is of course not so familiar to the public at large as his official career, but those who have had opportunities of being acquainted with it ever speak in terms of loyal and uniform admiration of the manner in which every home duty has been discharged, and of the wise care and loving devotion with which His Royal Highness's children have been trained and educated.

SOME LEADING ACTRESSES: A GROUP.

BURLESQUE, as a method of ridicule or caricature, is at present under eclipse in England. Its place on the stage has been taken by a miscellaneous entertainment which is little else than an alternation of song and dance. This form of theatrical display has at least the merit, which it shares with comic opera, of giving many charming actresses the opportunity of proving the sweetness of their voice and the lightness of their foot. The majority of those who form our group have at one time or another been associated with the Gaiety Theatre. For many years Miss Farren and Miss Kate Vaughan conspired to keep alight the sacred lamp at the popular house in the Strand. Many were the plays of which they were the life and soul. Few who saw them in the "Forty Thieves" or "Aladdin" are likely to forget them, and still more distinguished was the achievement of Mr. Hollingshead's famous company in "Little Don Cesar" and "Dr. Faust." Miss Farren has never deserted the Gaiety, and remains the most popular burlesque actress of all time. Her method is so distinctly personal, that she has found no imitators. Indeed within her sphere she is inimitable. She is intimately acquainted with the foibles and failings of her audience; the *gamin* and *jeunesse dorée* of London are equally familiar to her. Her kindly satire, her untiring energy, her inexhaustible fund of spirits find a ready response in stalls and gallery alike. But there is something more in her than a vein of comedy. She knows well how to strike the note of pathos, and many among her audience have been known to weep through their smiles. Very different is the basis upon which Miss Kate Vaughan's reputation rests. With the extravagant humours of burlesque she has little sympathy. But she is the best living exponent of the poetry of motion. As a dancer she is without a rival among English women. It must be admitted that she can perform few of the athletic feats with which the conventional *première* of the *ballet* is wont to dazzle us. Yet she can move with perfect grace, her "twinkling feet" always in perfect harmony with the music. When, some years since, she

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SOME LEADING ACTRESSES: A GROUP.

had the opportunity of appearing in an Italian *ballet*, she proved herself easily able to hold her own against the most expert dancers in Europe. Of late years burlesque has known her not; she has been seen exclusively in the comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan. But she may almost be said to have founded a school of dancing. Miss C. Gilchrist and Miss Phyllis Broughton, for instance, are in some sense her pupils. Both have borrowed her method and imitated her movements. The dancing of Miss Gilchrist, the "Gold Girl" of Mr. Whistler's famous picture, has always been marred by a certain stiffness and lack of ease, and perhaps her enormous popularity is a little puzzling. Miss Broughton has met with a far greater measure of success, and moves with a sprightliness and elegance which are only too rare on the stage. Among the more recent recruits at the Gaiety Theatre is Miss Marion Hood, who adds to charm of face and manner a voice of considerable power and sweetness.

In the field of comic opera, which, as engineered by Messrs. Audran and Farnie, differs from burlesque only because it is held together by a firmer thread of story, Miss Florence St. John and Miss Violet Cameron occupy a prominent place. These actresses were long associated at the Strand Theatre. Perhaps their most brilliant success was won in *Olivette*. But Miss St. John has done great things since that, and as an *ingénue* is still unrivalled; while Miss Cameron never had better opportunities than in *La Mascotte* and *Rip Van Winkle*. Miss Atherton and Miss Minnie Palmer came to us from the other side of the Atlantic. The former has appeared with Mr. Edouin in a long round of comedies and burlesques, and has shown herself to be liberally endowed with energy and a sense of humour. As an actress she stands on a higher level than Miss Palmer, for she has something more than mannerism by which to obtain her effects. Of Miss Palmer's capabilities it is difficult to judge. In England, at least, she has never been seen in a play. The dramatic hotch-potch entitled "My Sweetheart," in which she has most often elected to display her antics, lies outside the range of criticism.

Miss Williamson is the only actress in the group who has won a triumph in the field of legitimate burlesque. Her caricature of the Ariane of Mrs. Bernard Beere was one of the most faithful and highly-finished studies that has been seen for years. Accent, gait, gesture were caught with marvellous precision, and given just the touch of exaggeration which

rendered them ridiculous. It is said that Miss Williamson's ambition lies in the direction of serious drama. If this be so, her triumph at the Strand, though it was achieved in burlesque, proved beyond question that she has in her all the makings of an emotional actress.

Of Miss Branscombe there is little to be said but that she possesses the best known face in England. It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that she has stood before the photographer's lens more often than any living human being. There can scarcely be a hamlet in England in which her features are not familiar, and her portrait has even been discovered adorning a wayside inn in the Highlands of Bavaria. It is enough to remind our readers that Miss D'Angeli and Miss Grubbe owe their success no less to personal attractiveness than to histrionic talent, and that if neither of them is ever likely to rival Rachel, each is still capable of exercising a fascination upon a numerous band of devoted admirers.

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MISS MAUDE MILLETT.

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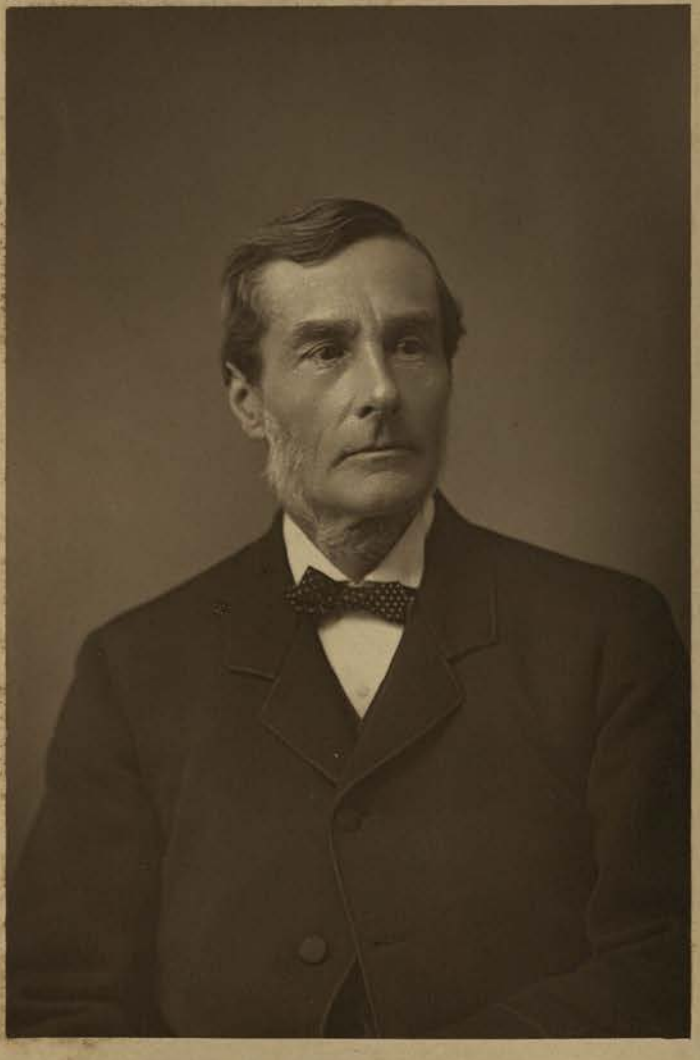
HERE are few actresses of Miss Millett's age who are fortunate enough to have had half her experience. She is now little more than twenty-two, yet she has been prominently before the public for several years, and has already played many parts, both in London and the provinces. Her first appearance was made in *Twelfth Night*, in which the *rôle* of Sebastian was allotted to her, and very charming she must have looked in it. She next distinguished herself as Jessie Blake in *On Guard* and as Blanche d'Evran in *Our Bitterest Foe*. But it was as Eva Webster in *The Private Secretary* that she first became famous. Here she had a part that to a girl of fascinating manner and high spirits presented no difficulty. Miss Millett needed but to lay aside all self-consciousness to achieve success. This performance, however, satisfactory as it was from one point of view, can hardly be deemed an artistic triumph. Indeed, Miss Millett has had few opportunities of proving to a London audience whether or no she is possessed of histrionic talent. Hitherto she has rarely been seen in parts which make any large demand upon the imaginative or emotional side of her nature. She showed in *Sweet Lavender* that she could give us an attractive portrait of a healthy-minded humorous English girl. Her solitary attempt—in *The Middleman*—to enact a serious part was not far removed from failure. It is true that Mary Blenkarn does not afford much scope for the display of talent, that it could hardly be successfully rendered by anyone who had not absorbed something of the transpontine tradition; and until Miss Millett has been more happy in her *rôles* it is impossible to estimate her capabilities. It was almost distressing to see her at the Shaftesbury Theatre moving among personages who had somehow strayed westward from the Surrey side, and vainly attempting to render sympathetic a part which few experienced actresses could have redeemed from ridicule.

In adopting the stage as a profession, Miss Millett was well advised. There can be no doubt that she possesses many natural advantages for the career which she has chosen. To charm of face and figure she adds an ease of carriage and grace of movement which are not common upon the

English stage. But she has not yet learned to make the most of her resources. Her most ardent admirer can scarcely allege that her voice is under proper control, that her gestures correspond naturally and effectively to her emotions. She is altogether lacking in that magnetic quality which, for the want of a better word, we may call genius. Nor has she as yet ever projected herself into the character she has attempted to enact. Her greatest triumphs have been won, as it were, by accident. She is always at her best when she is most herself. And this is only another way of saying that, like the majority of the English School, she depends for her effects more upon nature than upon art. Within the limits set by her own physique and character, Miss Millett has few formidable rivals. But it is improbable—nay, *The Middleman* has taken the matter out of the region of mere improbability—that she will always be provided with a part which exactly fits her. And if her career upon the stage is to be crowned with success, many years will have to be devoted to study and observation. Her shortcomings are only fresh evidence of the disastrous lack of school and tradition which has done its worst to ruin the British stage. Though she has been known as an actress for some years, Miss Millett's education is still incomplete; indeed, as far it has gone, it has been conducted *coram populo*. But it is immensely in her favour that, until she assumed the unfortunate part of Mary Blenkarn, she never took a backward step, but showed emphatic improvement in every new *rôle*. One other advantage is hers, to which few of her contemporaries may lay claim. She has never jeopardised her chance of ultimate success by a too forward ambition; she has not heedlessly rushed in "where angels fear to tread." It is the fashion for actresses to qualify for the part of a "walking lady" by failing miserably as Juliet or Lady Macbeth. When once their disaster has been accomplished at a *matinée* they pay the penalty for their rashness by sinking for ever into oblivion. But it has been characteristic of Miss Millett to attempt tasks not altogether beyond her reach, and it is safe to predict that if she adheres to this wise resolution she will ripen with time and experience into one of our most attractive *comédiennes*. Her beauty, upon which the photographers' windows have conferred renown, is of the wholesome breezy type rarely met with beyond the shores of the British Isles; and while this is not of itself a sufficient equipment for an actress, it at least ensures that its possessor, wherever she goes, will have a patient hearing.



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THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

S is well known, the Duke of Westminster is one of the richest peers in the United Kingdom, while at the same time his family (the Grosvenors) can boast a very long descent, notwithstanding the fact that its motto is "Virtus non stemma" (Worth, not lineage). Its earliest records make mention of a very illustrious house in high honour in Normandy a century and a half before the Conquest, the heads of which held the office of "chief hunter" (Le Gros Veneur): hence the surname. The founder of the English branch appears to have been one Gilbert le Grosvenor who came over in the train of William the Conqueror; and history tells of a Raufe le Grosvenor who fought at the Battle of Lincoln, of a Robert who followed Richard I. to the Crusades, and of another Robert who was with the Black Prince at Cressy. In the reign of Richard II. arose a protracted and notable controversy in the Court of Chivalry between Sir Richard Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor as to the right to a particular coat of arms, and after a long array of evidence the suit was decided in favour of Scrope. In 1621 a baronetcy was conferred on the head of the family, while the father of the third baronet was one of those thirteen loyal gentlemen of Cheshire who, in 1660, were nominated Knights of the Royal Oak, a new order which was abandoned in after years, as it seemed likely to revive dormant party animosities.

Up to this point the Grosvenors had been fairly well-to-do landed proprietors, with no pretensions to great riches, but it was reserved for the third baronet to take a step which led to the ever-increasing wealth of the family. Sir Thomas Grosvenor, mayor of the city of Chester in 1685, and representative of the county in Parliament during three reigns, married Mary, only daughter and heiress of Alexander Davies, a cowkeeper, of Ebury Farm, Middlesex, and owner of the manor of Ebury. In those days the land was but a wide stretch of green fields, but London rapidly

extended westward, and on the ground now stands the great city of Belgravia, the rent-roll from which makes the present Duke of Westminster perhaps the wealthiest man in England, his income being commonly stated as exceeding a thousand pounds a day.

Owing to the increasing importance of the family the seventh baronet was created Earl Grosvenor in 1784; and in later years the enormous value of the London property justified the bestowal of the Marquisate of Westminster on the then representative of the family.

Hugh Lupus Grosvenor, the present duke, was born on the 18th of October, 1825, succeeded his father as third marquis in 1869, and was raised to the dukedom at the close of Mr. Gladstone's administration in 1874. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, and sat as M.P. for Chester from 1847 to 1869, being in politics a Whig, and always voting with the Liberal party, except, perhaps, on one notable occasion, when he joined the "Adullamites" (the "cave" formed by Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke), and strenuously opposed the Reform Bill of 1866.

The Christian names Hugh Lupus are peculiarly appropriate to one so closely connected with Chester as the representative of the Grosvenor family, for on the advent of William the Conqueror he bestowed the city and county of Chester upon his nephew, Hugh Lupus; and when the line of Hugh the Wolf became extinct, Henry the Third annexed the possessions, and created his son Earl of Chester—a title which the Prince of Wales still bears.

The duke has been twice married. His first wife was Lady Constance Gertrude Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, youngest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, and by her he has five sons and three daughters. She died in December, 1880, and in 1882 the duke married the Hon. Catherine Caroline Cavendish, daughter of the second Baron Chesham, and by her has a son and two daughters.

The improvement of the dwellings of the working classes has long engaged the attention of the duke, and on part of his London estate a considerable scheme is now being carried out through the agency of the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company. Although he has not conferred on the metropolis or the country any such magnificent gift as Mr. Peabody or Sir Edward Guinness, yet he has always shown himself willing to provide sites for artisans' dwellings and for philanthropic purposes at prices very much below the market value. Quite recently the duke threw open to the

public a new garden in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, laid out by him on part of his estate from which old tenements had been removed.

The duke has always taken a great interest in Volunteering, and was lieut.-colonel commanding the Queen's Westminster Rifles in 1880-81, since which time he has been honorary colonel.

The first marquis was a great patron of the turf, and so also is his grandson. He has thrice won the Derby, and a very fair share of the other classic races have fallen to his lot. Among his more noted horses may be mentioned Bend Or and Ormonde; the latter indeed was practically invincible, and succeeded in carrying off the Derby, St. Leger, and Two Thousand Guineas. Most of his horses have been bred by himself at Eaton Hall.

In Grosvenor House—the town residence in Grosvenor Street—is a priceless collection of pictures, originally commenced by Richard Lord Grosvenor, in 1755, and including the well-known Agar collection, besides Gainsborough's immortal "Blue Boy." The extensive galleries are from time to time thrown open to the public.

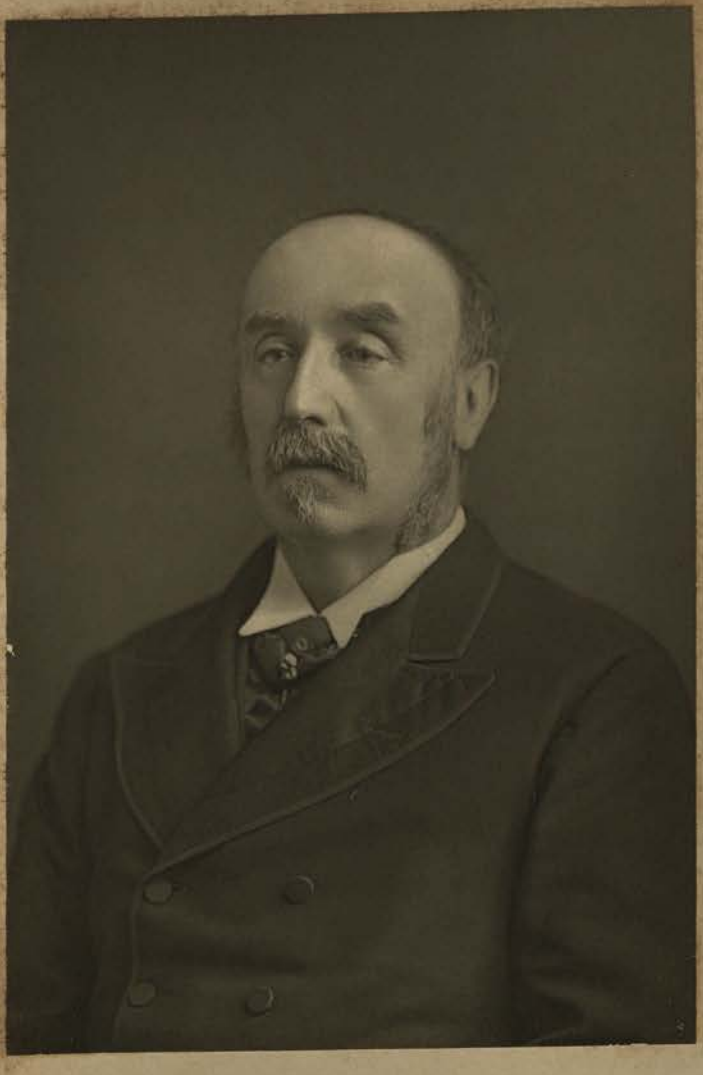
The duke's country seats are Halkin Castle, Flintshire; Clieveden, on the Thames, near Taplow, Bucks; and Eaton Hall, near Chester. Of the beauties of these it is unnecessary to speak, for they are well known to all lovers of the picturesque.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

EREDITARY talent is exemplified in Mr. Lewis Morris. His great-grandfather, also called Lewis, was famous as an antiquary, and as a poet whose name is associated with many a stirring Welsh song. Mr. Lewis Morris was born at Carmarthen in 1834, and received his early education at Cowbridge and Sherborne Schools. He then repaired, as many of his fellow-countrymen have done before and since his day, to Jesus College, Oxford. Thence he graduated with a distinguished degree, having obtained a first class in the final schools, and the English essay prize. His college subsequently elected him to an honorary fellowship.

Poetry, with which Mr. Lewis Morris's name is of course chiefly associated, has not been by any means his only source of intellectual employment So far from living the retired life which is usually associated with the cultivation of the muse, he practised for many years as a conveyancing barrister, and he still devotes some of his time to law in the capacity of a Justice of the Peace for Carmarthenshire. He has also done good work for the cause of education in Wales, both as Honorary Secretary of the University College, and as a member of the Committee of Inquiry into the Intermediate and Higher Education of that country. Mr. Morris has besides, on two occasions, sought admission to the House of Commons in the Liberal interest. In 1881 he stood for Carmarthen boroughs, but retired before the election; and in 1886 was defeated for Pembroke boroughs. Perhaps his admirers may yet see him in Parliament.

It is, however, as a poet that Mr. Lewis Morris has won his laurels, and it is perhaps worth noticing that he was in no hurry to rush into print, and that his poems were for many years published anonymously. Thus it was not until 1872, or some thirteen years after he had taken his degree, that the first volume of "Songs of Two Worlds, by a New Writer," appeared. Traces of Tennysonian inspiration were discovered by the critics in this and in the two following volumes issued in 1874 and 1875; but at



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MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

the same time it was acknowledged on all hands that the poem, "A Wandering Soul," contained a really fine treatment of various irreligions and irreligious phases of belief; while in "Youth of Thought" the poet sang joyously—

> "Oh, happy days! Oh, joyous time!
> When thought was gay, and man was young;
> And to the golden flow of rhyme,
> Life, like a melody, was sung."

Two years later, that is in 1877, appeared the middle part of Mr. Lewis Morris's masterpiece, the "Epic of Hades," and the first and third parts were published in the following year. The poem immediately attained a wide popularity, and edition after edition was issued. That the idea of the fine work was suggested by Dante is clear; at the same time, the resemblance is of the slightest character, and consists chiefly in the fact that both poems open in a wood, and in both the poet visits the shades of the dead. Mr. Morris deals entirely with Greek themes, and every line shows him to have drunk deeply of the Castalian rill. In the first part the writer visits Tartarus, and finds there Tantalus typifying the victim of the lust of pleasure, and Sisyphus that of the greed of power; while Phædra and Clytemnestra represent love divorced from duty. The dialogues are fine, modern rather than classical in their treatment, the poet obviously reading into the ancient myth many a burning social question and many a religious problem. From the purely poetic point of view, however, Mr. Morris is probably seen at his best in the descriptive passages, notably in that which deals with the labours of Sisyphus with the "shameless stone." The second part of the poem deals with Hades proper, and here the reader is introduced to Marsyas, Laocoon, Endymion, and other well-known classical characters, treated, however, with considerable freedom from conventionality. In the third part he reaches Olympus, and there holds converse with the gods and goddesses, Artemis, Apollo, and their comrades, and is finally admitted into the presence of Zeus.

> "I knew an Awful Effluence of Light,
> Formless, Ineffable, Perfect, burst upon me,
> And flood my being round."

The author of the "Epic of Hades" has not since produced any work which seems equally assured of a permanent place in our literature with that now famous poem. In "Gwen, a Drama in Monologue," Mr. Morris returned

to his earlier manner, and gave a story of two hearts somewhat in the fashion of Tennyson's "Maud," tracing the destinies of a young man of fortune, morbidly introspective in character, and the eager and inexperienced daughter of a Welsh clergyman. As may be expected, the tale is a sad one, and Mr. Morris has written few more pathetic passages than the lines which he has placed in the mouth of Gwen as she waits for her husband in a poor London lodging—

"Why does my dear not come,
Or write and send some loving little word!
It is not here as 'twas at home:
I have no companion but this prisoned bird;
No friend in all the throng to hear my sighs;
No glance, but the cold stare of alien eyes."

But if "Gwen" was tinged with melancholy, "The Ode of Life," published in 1880, was full of cheering and ennobling sentiment, and Mr. Morris expresses most happily the strength of manhood when he deals with the "daily duty, precious care," which mark our "perfect years." Three years later followed "Songs Unsung," containing the powerful monologue, "Clytemnestra in Paris." "Gycia," a tragedy, appeared in 1886, the scene of which is laid on the shores of the Ægean Sea, and the subject of which is the hapless loves of a Greek youth and maiden. Finally, Mr. Morris gave us in the following year his "Songs of Britain," dealing partly with old Welsh legends and fairy tales, partly with modern social problems, and including a contribution to the Jubilee, entitled, "A Song of Empire." Time alone can decide where Mr. Morris's true place in the poetic choir is to be found; meantime the voices of his fellow-countrymen have proclaimed with no uncertain sound how strong is the hold that he has obtained over their deeper feelings and aspirations

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MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

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THE name of Anna Williams is familiar in musical circles throughout the country, as belonging to one of the foremost in the higher ranks of our native vocalists. In person, she is remarkable for her stately height, her dignity of carriage, and her expressive features. Her voice is extensive in compass, broad in tone, and of a brilliant yet peculiar *timbre* or resonant character. In extent it may be classed among the voices of soprano range. Many of the higher notes are trumpet-like in penetrating and "carrying" tone, and yet they are remarkable for the robust quality which is usually held to be one of the characteristics of a true mezzo-soprano voice. Some of the lower notes are contralto-like in depth, and the whole voice, not easy to class according to the generality of vocal organs, is as individual as is the possessor's method of employing it.

Her style of singing, distinguished by earnestness, conscientiousness, and sensibility, is in all cases fitted to the needs of the work she is called upon to do. In the delivery of a simple ballad, in the complicated and varied emotions which are brought into exercise in the performance of oratorio, and even in the dramatic requirements of opera, Miss Williams has been equally successful. Her versatility is the product of a well-trained mind, and of a sensitive nervous disposition which is not content with the result of any artistic effort which has not been carefully prepared and well thought out, as well as the effect of the surroundings of culture and taste in early life.

She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. Smith Williams, who for many years was literary adviser to the celebrated publishing firm of Smith, Elder, & Co. The discovery of the genius of Charlotte Brontë (Currer Bell) was due to his penetration and sagacity. Mr. Williams carried his refinement of mind into his own private circle, and this, coupled with an amiability of disposition, brought many social pleasures tending to mental elevation among all his children. The effect of these early associations may be traced in the artistic feeling which is ever present in all the performances of his youngest daughter as a vocalist.

Her actual training was commenced by the accomplished master of vocalisation, Mr. Harry Collins Deacon, and the excellence of the foundation laid by him is still manifest in the superstructure formed by other masters and her own experience.

Before she made her appearance in public she was selected to try the acoustical properties of the Royal Albert Hall, and her efforts were acknowledged and commemorated by the present from the Duke of Edinburgh of a handsome gold watch with a suitable inscription.

Her first quasi-public appearance—for which she was prepared by Mr. J. B. Welch—was in competition for the soprano prize given at the National Music Meetings held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in 1872. The great success achieved by her on that occasion prompted her to adopt singing as a profession, and for the further development of style, and for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of Italian vocalisation in the "land of the sonnet and the song," she placed herself under Domenico Scafati, of Naples.

On her return to England she made her first professional appearance at the Crystal Palace on the 17th of January, 1874, and her singing created a marked and distinct impression, which was increased and deepened by her subsequent performances there and elsewhere.

In her singing in oratorio Miss Williams displays special intelligence. She is not merely content with reproducing the traditional readings of standard works, but impresses the attentive hearer by the earnestness of her efforts to bring out as far as possible the full meaning of the composer's intention as it appeals to her own mind. Thus, in such works as the *Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Elijah*, her readings of "He shall feed His flock," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "How beautiful are the feet," in the first-named oratorio, are unmatched for religious fervour; her singing of the air, "From mighty Kings," from *Judas*, which was one of the test pieces at the competition at the Crystal Palace, is still one of her best efforts, and there is no artist now before the public who can surpass her in the expressive interpretation of the music given by Mendelssohn in his *Elijah* to the Widow of Sarepta, and there are many other works in which the originality of her reading is unequalled. Her power of "creating" parts has been manifested at different times, at the several provincial festivals, at the various choral societies throughout the kingdom, and

especially in London, where, at the Royal Choral Society, at the Royal Albert Hall, at the late Sacred Harmonic Society, at Novello's Oratorio Concerts, and other societies, she has helped to present for the first time many new works.

Few who heard her will forget the fine dramatic effect she made in Dr. Parry's *Judith* at Birmingham, when, as the triumphant Hebrew woman returning from the tents of the enemy, she commands her compatriots to open the gates to her, or the fervour of her singing in the same composer's *Prometheus Unbound*, or in Dr. Stanford's *Three Holy Children*. The amount of hard work Miss Williams accomplished during her period of training has been pleasantly, though only partly, told by herself in a contribution on the subject written for a contemporary, entitled "How I became a Singer."

The secret of her continued success with the public is found in the fact that while she is accepted as a finished artist by the public, she herself never relaxes her exertions in private to prepare for her labours, and still works as hard as ever she did in the days gone by, for she regards herself still as a student. No more forcible instance of the sincerity of her artistic character can be offered.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

CCUSTOMED as we have been for so many years to think of the third son of Queen Victoria as "the Duke of Connaught," we have almost allowed the once familiar title of Prince Arthur to fall into disuse. And yet to leave the name by which he was known in his early days entirely out of our consideration would be to leave out what may be called the inspiration of his career. For a great deal in his case hangs on his Christian name. He is one of the very few royal children who have been named after an individual other than one of royal blood. He was born at Buckingham Palace, on the 1st of May, 1850, the birthday of the Duke of Wellington. Writing to Baron Stockmar the Queen said: "It is a singular thing that this so much wished-for boy should be born on the old Duke's eighty-first birthday. May that and his beloved father's name bring the poor little infant happiness and fortune." With a delicate sense of the fitness of things the Queen thus dedicated Prince Arthur at this early stage of his existence to a military career.

In view of the Prince's subsequent experiences it is pleasant to read of the great interest the Queen herself took in keeping up in both her own mind and in his the associations of his birth. Writing when the young Prince was only a year old, she said: "I must not omit to mention an interesting episode of the day—viz., the visit of the good old Duke on this his eighty-second birthday to his little godson, our dear little boy. He came to us both at five, and gave him a golden cup and some toys which he had himself chosen, and Arthur gave him a nosegay."

Prince Arthur entered the military academy at Woolwich as a cadet in 1866, became a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1868, and a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1869. He was appointed a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in August, 1869, and a captain in excess of the establishment of the regiment in 1871. On attaining his majority Parliament voted him a grant of £15,000 per annum. In common with the other members of the Royal Family, he very early in his career began to perform the many public duties which the country is in the habit of exacting from princes of the

W. & D. DOWNEY,

57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

blood. At the various places where his regiment was quartered Prince Arthur's services were always readily given in aid of the local institutions and charities, and at Dover, Maidstone, and other towns, his name is still associated with many pleasant memories. He was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, and Earl of Sussex on May 26th, 1874, and on the 6th June in the same year he took his seat in the House of Lords. In March, 1879, he was married to Princess Margaret Louise of Prussia, third daughter of Prince Frederick Charles (popularly known as "the Red Prince"), and grand-niece of the then Emperor of Germany.

When the war broke out in 1882 the Duke of Connaught was among the officers who accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley into Egypt; and the step was certainly regarded in its most serious light by the other members of the Royal Family. The Queen, mindful, one may justly fancy, of his dedication so many years before to the soldier's life, watched with the keenest interest the progress of the campaign, and especially the part the Prince took in securing its ultimate success. The Duchess of Connaught was with her at Balmoral during the time when the hottest engagements were taking place. "How anxious we felt," the Queen wrote, "I need not say; but we tried not to give way. I prayed earnestly for my darling child, and longed for to-morrow to arrive. Read Korner's beautiful *Gebet vor der Schlacht, Vater ich rufe Dich* (Prayer before the battle, Father I call on Thee)."

The much-wished-for telegram arrived from Sir Garnet Wolseley, containing particulars of the complete defeat of Arabi, and concluding with the words: "Duke of Connaught is well and behaved admirably, leading his brigade to the attack."

Without being in any sense of the word an orator, he shares with his eldest brother the gift of expressing himself with ease on the many subjects which come under his notice. But his heart is evidently in his profession, and it is as "our soldier prince" that he is best known to his countrymen. He holds at present the post of Commander-in-Chief, Bombay, and during his residence in India he has mastered the difficulties of the Hindustani language. After inspecting recently the men of the 28th Pioneers at New Jhansi, and presenting to them their colours, before their departure to join the Chin Lushai expedition, His Royal Highness addressed the regiment in Hindustani. The Anglo-Indian papers described the Duke's delivery as "fluent," and "his pronunciation of the words perfect."

SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.

SIR JAMES DROMGOLE LINTON is unquestionably one of the foremost figures in the world of Art, as well by reason of his fine achievement in the exercise of his art, as by his activity in the management of the affairs of his profession. A man of dogged resolution and of strong will, he combines those qualities with the common sense, the untiring patience, the keenness, and the shrewd insight into character that are rather looked for in the diplomatist than in the artist. A little uncompromising, too, his critics say, when his course of conduct is dictated by a sense of justice and principle, yet invariably good-humoured, and courteous, enterprising and energetic.

Such is the man who shares with Sir John Gilbert, P.R.W.S., the distinguished position of official representative of British Water-Colour Painting—the National Art of England. His rise has been of a piece with his character, and none more clearly than he has proved that art, like murder, will out. Born in London in 1840, he early revealed his instinct for draughtsmanship, and declared his intention of becoming an artist. His father at first would not hear of it, but after years of fruitless objection he so far yielded as to agree to his son adopting one of the art-crafts by which a livelihood might be assured. Young Linton selected that of glass-painting, in order that his passion for colour might to some extent at least be gratified. It was not long before he practised painting in water colour, first as an experimentalist, but soon as a professional; and when the Institute and the Royal Academy gave an honoured welcome to his early work, the art of stained-glass painting, as a necessary consequence, was abandoned.

In his own line, then, Sir James Linton stands alone, his friendly rival, Sir John Gilbert, occupying quite a different sphere. Sir James himself would be the first to bend the knee to the superior powers of Sir John in the matter of design—that marvellous facility and perennial flow which neither age nor superadded achievement can exhaust. But he can take his stand on his perfection of draughtsmanship, on his extraordinary appreciation of colour in

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SIR J. D. LINTON.

its richest and most beautiful tones and harmonies, on his unrivalled power of rendering texture with due regard to the canons of artistry, and to the more technical merits of grace, quality, and chiaroscuro.

Although his present position has been thus triumphantly conquered, the struggle was a bitter one. Think of this young man, without influence and without a name, save in that very small circle that recognised his promise, journeying to Venice, and finding himself worshipping Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret, the trinity of his idolatry, hope ebbing from his heart and his slender funds from his pocket, with naught but the determination of his character to support him in his struggle for life. Then see him, aided in the nick of time by an appreciative patron, the recipient of a splendid commission, but undeterred by the accession of certain fortune from the exact purpose he had set before him. His study continues, severe and steady, until at last he emerges a master of the branch of art in which he had resolved to excel.

It is twenty-three years ago since he was first elected a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which has since owed him so much. But to the Franco-Prussian war is perhaps indirectly due a good deal of the charm and beauty of his drawing, for the manner in which he developed the sketches of special correspondents ready for the engraver was the work of an accomplished artist in black-and-white. Ten years later he took to oil painting on a considerable scale, and prompted by Mr. Jacoby's commission for a series of the five large pictures illustrative of "A Soldier's Life in the Sixteenth Century," he turned his attention for the while from the lighter medium. His success was great, but happily not too great to seduce him permanently from the art of Dewint, Lewis, and William Hunt.

Those who saw the exhibition of his collected works some six years ago will readily understand the commanding position assumed by the painter on the appearance of his "Cardinal Minister," "Les Emigrés," "Youth and Time," and other works of the kind, while they who have since watched his work will observe how his art has thenceforward been matured, the drawing being ever less hard, and the colour less black, until he has recently approached a harmony of tone and hue to which some of the great Venetians themselves would not be ashamed to own. If we were called upon to state wherein Sir James excels apart from those qualities to which we have already referred, we would point to his power of expression and characterisation, to the archæological and

antiquarian knowledge always evident in his work, and to what might be called "dramatic inaction."

But, as we mentioned before, it is not only as the executant—the painter of "The Life of a Soldier," and "The Wedding of the Duke of Albany," and of the long series of drawings illustrative of mediæval life, and the considerable number of characters in the novels of Sir Walter Scott—that Sir James Linton has rendered the greatest service to art. It is chiefly as the organiser of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours in its present status, and as champion of the art of water colour in England. It is an indisputable fact that native art, of whatever branch, is ever treated by the mass of the people with indifference, to use no stronger expression, and it is chiefly owing to the energy and enterprise of Sir James, backed by the able assistance of the members of the Council, that the Institution over which he reigns with so much tact and good sense has thrown open its doors to the whole world, and offers advantages to the "outsider" that hitherto had been jealously retained by the members. But for him the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours might still be holding little-noticed exhibitions in a tiny gallery in Pall Mall; the great stone palace in Piccadilly now demonstrates well the rightness of his policy, and typifies the prosperity and popularity of the art which he has done so much in educating the public to appreciate. But apart from considerations of the Institute, for which he obtained the favour of Royal recognition before he himself was knighted, his worth and ability have been testified to by his appointment to the charge of selection and hanging of the British exhibits in the international exhibitions of Paris, and by the seats assigned to him on Royal Commissions and other bodies officially established to inquire into and advance the condition and interests of art.

In addition to this, however, Sir James Linton has been quick to see that it is not only Art, but the Artist that must be cared for; and to this end he, along with his colleagues, established the schools attached to the Royal Institute. These schools, owing to various circumstances, are at the present time in abeyance; and in consequence of this the President has thrown open studio-schools of his own at his own risk, and there instructs the young idea how to—paint.

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MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

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O tell me, who is that funny-looking barrister who does nothing but draw?" Such is often the somewhat disrespectful form in which feminine curiosity finds expression, as the fair inquirer leans over the Law Court balcony to gaze on a fresh-complexioned, humorous-eyed gentleman, who is rapidly winning renown in the combined fields of Law, Politics, and Caricature. Although so apparently oblivious of the fact that he is in a crowded court with an important *rôle* to perform, Mr. Lockwood manages to keep his attention on the case in progress, as will be manifest when at last he abandons the task of taking off the judge for the more exclusively legal operations of taking down the opposing counsel, and of taking in—if necessary—the gentlemen of the jury.

It is, indeed, as a persuader of juries that Mr. Frank Lockwood chiefly excels. Sir Charles Russell is more brilliant; Sir Edward Clarke, perhaps, more impressive; Sir Henry James more ingenious; and Sir Richard Webster more learned; but, to a greater extent than any of these, Mr. Lockwood possesses the three qualities most essential for persuasion—tact, humour, and apparent frankness.

Mr. Lockwood's manner in addressing his jury is never dramatic; he does not bite his forefinger at them with Jaggers, nor bombard them with the heavy artillery of his rhetoric with Buzfuz, nor single them out for individual treatment with our learned friend of the Bar in "Little Dorrit." No; he is unassuming and matter-of-fact. Perhaps his mode of giving the jurymen a good opinion of themselves, through themselves of him, and through him of his cause, is best described in the words of the Irishman who was asked the secret of O'Connell's triumphs in the same line:—"Is it how he wins over the juries, your honour? Shure, firrst he butthers thim up, and thin he slithers thim down."

Mr. Lockwood was born in 1847, and finished his education at Caius College, Cambridge, where he remained three years; he was called to the Bar in his twenty-fifth year.

It is said that of every hundred young men who become barristers sixty will

never make an income of £5 by their profession, and six will make an income of over £5,000. From the outset there was never any doubt as to the category in which Mr. Lockwood would find himself. Good humour, good manners, good health, combined with wit and energy to promise him a successful career, and a barrister of forty-three who has reached such a position as he now can boast may certainly say that his career has been most successful. "There are," Thackeray says, "some happy organisations in the world that possess the great virtue of prosperity;" and the genial Q.C. is undoubtedly a case in point.

Mr. Lockwood has, of recent years, taken part in nearly all the *causes célèbres*, frequently in conjunction with Sir Charles Russell. He was brought much before the public during the Parnell Commission, where it sometimes taxed even his flow of spirits to introduce a little liveliness in court; indeed, this Mark Tapley in wig and gown may well take credit for having been jolly during the many dismal hours he had to spend there. It was during the Commission that his caricaturing powers first attracted general attention; there was quite a hot competition, it is said, between Judge Day and Mr. Murphy, Q.C., as to who should appear oftenest in effigy on the famous blotting-pad: the caricatures of his lordship eventually reached, it has been stated, the grand total of fifty-seven.

Many are the stories told in illustration of Mr. Lockwood's wit in court. An example of his aptness in repartee is furnished by a quite recent incident. A judge interrupted him in court in the midst of a speech by saying snappishly, "I shall reserve what I have to say on that point, Mr. Lockwood, until you have finished." "Quite so, my lord," was the gravely-humorous reply; "that, I believe, is the usual course."

Wit, unfortunately, like many other things, is a good servant but a bad master, and subjects its possessor to dangers of indiscretion from which a slower man is free. Too often indulged in, moreover, it gains one sometimes an undesirable reputation for frivolity, and in this last respect it must be confessed that Mr. Lockwood has suffered. A case in which he had indulged in a peculiarly lively cross-examination of a comic witness some years ago was made the subject of a clever parody in *Punch*, in which a barrister bounces into court and, with a wink at the judge, questions the witness as to how he feels the day after to-morrow, an inquiry which is greeted with loud laughter; the witness then evokes peals of laughter by replying, "Ax me another un." That he has survived this reputation for want of seriousness is evident from the fact that his services are now required in the most important cases.

Mr. Lockwood, for long the leader of the North-Eastern Circuit, is member for York. He does not speak often in the House ; but, as might be expected from an audience so very ready to be amused as the House invariably is, he is always listened to. He is a Home-Ruler, and on very friendly terms with many of the Parnellites. He has, indeed, a great partiality for Ireland and the Irish, and often spends part of his holidays in the house which his friend, Mr. Justice Mathew, takes for the summer in Co. Galway.

Mr. Lockwood is a married man, and has a fine house in Lennox Gardens. He knows thoroughly how to enjoy life ; he rides in the Row, attends First Nights, takes part in amateur theatricals, and is seen at dances. He belongs to Brooks's and the National Liberal.

A Mark Tapley in wig and gown Mr. Lockwood has been styled above ; and a Mark Tapley he is, not in jollity alone, but in simplicity, kindliness, and good nature.

THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

IT is no mere idle compliment to say that the Duchess of Leinster, in virtue of her beauty and manifold graces, fittingly adorns the proud position which she holds as the wife of the premier Duke, Marquis, and Earl in the Irish peerage. Moreover her face is now so well known in society circles that it seems scarcely worth while to recall the fact that, upon her very first introduction amid the whirl of fashionable life, Lady Hermione Wilhelmina Duncombe (as she was then) admittedly stood in the fore-front of the beauties of the season.

The Duchess of Leinster is the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Feversham, of Duncombe Park, Helmsley, Yorkshire, and, having been born in 1864, she is now in her twenty-sixth year.

The Duncombes are a very old Buckinghamshire family dating back to 1422. Their connection with Yorkshire seems to have begun early in the 18th century, when a Sir Charles Duncombe was M.P. for Helmsley, and Lord Mayor of London, while his nephew, Thomas Duncombe, of Duncombe Park, was High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1728. The barony of Feversham dates from 1826, and the earldom from 1868.

Lady Hermione Duncombe was married on the 17th of January, 1884, to Gerald FitzGerald, then Marquis of Kildare, now Duke of Leinster, having succeeded to the hereditary honours on the death of his father in 1887. The wedding took place at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, the Archbishop of York officiating, assisted by the Vicar of Helmsley. The bridesmaids were eleven in number, including three sisters of the bride and two sisters and five cousins of the bridegroom. It is needless to say that the ceremony was the occasion of a very large and fashionable gathering, among the visitors being the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

The Duke of Leinster traces his descent from a very ancient Florentine family, which passed into Normandy and thence to England with the Conqueror. One of his ancestors crossed over into Ireland about the middle of the twelfth century, and from that time the FitzGeralds have been indissolubly connected with Irish history and the story of English rule in

Ireland. The present Duke, like his father, has passed the greater part of his life on the Irish estates in Kildare, and his marriage has had the effect of considerably increasing the round of social gaieties and festivities at Carton, the family seat in Ireland, both the Duke and Duchess being highly popular in society.

The Duke and Duchess have two children living—Maurice, Marquis of Kildare, born March 1, 1887; and Desmond, born September 21, 1888. A little daughter died early in 1888.

As already stated, the Duchess of Leinster has three younger sisters, of whom one is married to Sir Richard James Graham, Bart., of Netherby.

SIGNOR PIATTI.

THE lives of many of the greatest artists in the musical profession may be summed up in a sentence. Their boyhood was distinguished chiefly by hard work in learning the rudiments of the art upon which their subsequent fame was built; their early manhood was spent in developing and solidifying qualities evinced in childhood, and their life before the public is maintained by never-ending study.

Alfredo Piatti, the greatest violoncellist of the age, is a bright example of a musician of this kind. He was born in a family of artists at Bergamo on the 8th of January, 1822. His father was first violin in the orchestra then presided over by Mayr, the composer of *Medea* and about sixty other operas, now nearly all forgotten; and his uncle, Zanetti, was chief violoncellist. With the last named, at the early age of five, he began his studies of the instrument of which he is now the unrivalled exponent. His first lessons were taken upon a tenor violin, this being best suited to his infant powers. The young player grew to his instrument, and achieved such rapid progress that at the age of seven he made his *début* as a soloist in the theatre of his native town, performing a piece written expressly for him by Mayr, the Maestro di Capella, and awakening great enthusiasm among the audience and the musicians of the orchestra. He played side by side with his uncle and tutor for more than a year, and then succeeded to the post of principal violoncellist when he was scarcely eight years old, on the death of Zanetti. It needs but little effort of imagination to realise the feeling of dignity with which the young artist entered upon his duties in the theatre and chapel, or to conceive the pride and pleasure with which he performed them for two years or more. It was found, however, that his natural genius did not supply all the experience necessary for the maintenance of the position, and at ten years of age he was sent to the Conservatoire in Milan to pursue his studies. At first, no doubt, he considered this step as rather humiliating, but he soon discovered that he had much to learn, and during the five years he was at the school he made the best use of his time and opportunities. Soon after his fifteenth birthday he appeared as a finished solo performer,

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

SIGNOR PIATTI.

his instructor, Merighi, declaring that he had "nothing more to teach him." This form of dismissal conveys an early testimonial to the great merits of the young musician, and the compliment implied was confirmed by the great success achieved in the artistic tours he made, beginning at Vienna in 1838.

In 1843 Piatti played at a concert given by Liszt in Munich, and won the admiration and friendship of the great pianist, who presented him with a Nicolas Amati violoncello, as a souvenir of the occasion. Encouraged by Liszt, he visited Paris, London, and Russia. In London he resided for the whole season, and made the most marked success at the Philharmonic Concert of June 24, 1844, despite the fact that he had to appear immediately after Mendelssohn had quitted the platform. The two artists often met during the season, and Mendelssohn began a concerto for violoncello and orchestra for Piatti, and completed the first movement. Unhappily the manuscript has been lost. Had it been completed it would have formed a companion of no mean dignity and sweetness to the well-known and ever popular violin concerto written for David, who was counted as one of the foremost of the classical players of his day.

After his most successful *debût* at the Philharmonic Concert, Piatti was much sought after. One of the earliest public indications of his power as a quartet player, his marvellous skill in binding together the elements which constitute the perfection of performance in chamber music, was given at some of the first concerts of the "Musical Union," an institution which was founded in 1844 by John Ella, and continued by him until the year 1880 with great success. At these concerts many of the most eminent artists of Europe made their first bow before an English audience, and not the least illustrious of this distinguished body was the subject of the present record. Piatti has resided in England since 1848, and he takes special pride in being able to say that the people have made him love the place so much that he considers it a second native country. He has performed with most of the important musical associations all over England, but his name is most prominently before the public now in connection with Mr. Arthur Chappell's "Popular Concerts." He has, season after season since the year 1859, held, to use the stereotyped words of the prospectus of that institution, "the post of principal violoncello on all occasions," with the exception of a few, when he was disabled by an accident, and then he was sorely missed.

He has, without doubt, contributed largely to the success of those concerts, and the first English notice of his performance, at the Philharmonic Concert already referred to, stands as good of his playing now as it did then. "Piatti is

a masterly player on the violoncello. In tone, which foreign artists generally want, he is equal to Lindley in his best days ; his execution is rapid, diversified, and certain, and a false note never by any chance is to be heard." To which it may be added, that his phrasing is so perfect and truly artistic that he is enabled to invest the simplest melody with every possible grace and charm, and that while his power is felt when he is playing, in conjunction with his brother artists, some concerted piece of chamber music, he is never obtrusive. His musical sympathies are so great that he appears to assimilate the quality of tone he produces to that brought out by those with whom he is associated.

He is not merely a player of rare excellence, but he is a composer of infinite taste. He has written some original songs, with *obbligato* parts for the violoncello, and many solos for the instrument, with accompaniments for orchestra as well as for the pianoforte. He delights to bring forward occasionally pieces written by musicians of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries for stringed instruments, and his arrangements of the old-fashioned "figured basses" testify to the soundness of his scholarship and the cosmopolitan character of his musical judgment. In private life he is quiet and unassuming. It is with difficulty that he can be brought to say anything concerning the artistic associations of his long and honourable career. He is modest, not only concerning his labours and the many famous men with whom he has been connected during his life, but especially dumb with regard to his own merits.

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LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, R.N., C.B.

THERE is probably no living man who possesses in a more conspicuous degree than Lord Charles William Delapoer Beresford those qualities which are especially admired and beloved by the general body of the British race. He has the bravery of a family that has already given us many distinguished warriors; he has the dash, the humour, and the high spirits that are characteristic of an Irishman; he is a member of a service of which the country has always had the best reasons to be proud; and finally, he has used his gifts and his opportunities so as to win honour to the Empire and high credit to himself.

The second son of the fourth Marquis of Waterford, Lord Charles was born on February 10th, 1846, at Philiptown, Dublin, and entered the Royal Navy in 1859. Like many men who have become ornaments to the service, he was, as a boy, somewhat more lively than the captains and naval instructors with whom he served desired their "young gentlemen" to be; and legends of his youthful escapades and practical jokes are still cherished and often told by officers who were his shipmates nearly thirty years ago; but he was always a universal favourite, and very early in his career he showed the sterling stuff of which he is made. When he was only seventeen, and still a midshipman, he jumped overboard, in Dublin Bay, after a man who had fallen out of a boat which was on her way to the ironclad *Defence;* and for this gallant act he wears on his right breast to-day the gold medal of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society. Alongside of it is another medal—a bronze one—which he had gained a month earlier from the Royal Humane Society, for having jumped overboard in the Mersey and saved the life of an officer named Richardson. Not every brave man is so fortunate as to win two such medals before he is eighteen. Yet the good fortune which thus attached itself to him so long ago has stuck to him continuously since. While it is true that he has greatly distinguished himself, it is also true that fate has given him exceptional chances. He has found himself, on critical occasions, where work was to be done; and in those circumstances he has always done it, and done it well. It is, indeed, a by-word in the service that he is as lucky as he is

plucky; and it is the common belief on the lower deck, where Lord Charles is quite as popular as he is everywhere else, that he will always manage to turn up when the Navy may have any serious fighting to do, and that to be with him at such a time is to be where honour falls thickest and where success is most certain.

It was his luck to be in command of the wretched little gun-vessel *Condor* at the bombardment of the forts of Alexandria, on July 11th, 1882. She was armed with one 7-in. and two 64-pounder muzzle-loaders which, directed against heavy masonry and earthworks, were not very much better than popguns or pea-shooters, and, as she was of composite build, a single projectile from the batteries, had it hit her fairly, might have caused her destruction. There were battle-ships in plenty to make the attack, and there was no necessity for Lord Charles Beresford, who was then a commander, to do anything particular. But an opportunity had come to him, and he seized it. Almost the sole merit of his ship lay in the fact that she drew less than twelve feet of water; and he promptly turned that merit to his advantage by steaming close in under the forts, and there doing what he could. Possibly he did not much affect the result; but he towed off the *Téméraire*, which had run aground; he set a good example to the fleet; and he well deserved the cheers with which he was afterwards rewarded. He deserved, too, the Admiral's signal, "Well done, *Condor!*" Next day, the words of that signal were in every newspaper in Europe, and the hero of the deed woke up to find himself famous.

It was his luck, again, to be landed after the bombardment to preserve order, and, with the help of the Royal Marines, to organise a police system at Alexandria. Of what he did the *Times* correspondent wrote:—"I say, without fear of contradiction, that no such work has ever been done with such complete absence of violence." His promotion to post-rank was dated from the day of the bombardment; and for his general services in and about Alexandria he received the Egyptian medal with the Alexandria clasp, the Khedive's bronze medal, and the Medjidieh of the third class.

As a captain Lord Charles Beresford served with the Nile Expedition for the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum, first on the staff of Lord Wolseley, and then as commander of the Naval Brigade, which he gallantly led, ashore at the battle of Abu Klea, and afloat, in the crazy steamer *Sofia*, to the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson. At this time Lord Charles was very ill—so ill, in fact, as to be obliged occasionally to give his orders from a couch; yet he worked

with indomitable will and energy, displayed remarkable heroism, and gained for himself, in addition to other honours, two laudatory mentions, which he most richly deserved. Speaking in the House of Commons, the Secretary of the Admiralty said:—"The rescue of Sir Charles Wilson by Lord Charles Beresford is a feat of arms remarkable equally for the skill and for the gallantry displayed." And, in his despatches, General Lord Wolseley wrote of Lord Charles as "an officer whose readiness of resource, and whose ability as a leader, are only equalled by his daring." The Nile, 1884–85, and Abu Klea clasps, and a Companionship of the Bath, rewarded him, perhaps inadequately, for these brilliant services.

In less exciting fields, Lord Charles—who married, in 1878, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Gardner, sometime M.P. for Leicester—had already done good work. From 1874 to 1880 he sat as Conservative member for the county of Waterford; in 1875–76 he was with the Prince of Wales in India as his Royal Highness's naval aide-de-camp; and in 1879 he was made commander of the royal yacht *Osborne*. But it was not until he entered Parliament for the second time, in 1885, as member for Marylebone, that he systematically took up the cause of naval reform—a cause with which his name is now as much identified as it is with the exploits of the *Condor*, or with the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson. As a junior Lord of the Admiralty, to which office he was called by Lord Salisbury in 1886, he secured the formation of a really useful Naval Intelligence Department, and indirectly did much towards the bringing forward of the Naval Defence Bill of 1889. In January of the previous year he resigned office on account of differences with his colleagues on the important question of personal responsibility in naval administration; and in 1889 he resigned his seat, in order once more to accept a sea-going command. He has since been appointed to the new belted cruiser *Undaunted*, a vessel designed for the reinforcement of the fleet in the Mediterranean.

In society, as well as in the service and in political circles, Lord Charles Beresford is most popular. But it is to the Navy alone that he is heart and soul devoted. His great ambition—and he does not conceal it—is one day, as a British admiral, to hoist his flag and to command a fleet in time of war against the enemies of the Empire. And surely there is no ambition that is more worthy of a capable, a brave, and a patriotic Briton.

MRS. LANGTRY.

MRS. LANGTRY has had a double career and achieved a two-fold triumph. She first became famous as one of the most beautiful of Englishwomen, and sat for her portrait to Sir J. E. Millais and many other distinguished painters. And having for seven years eclipsed all her rivals and having created a new ideal of physical charm and grace, she deserted society for the stage and challenged public approbation as an actress. Since 1881 she has played many parts. She has been seen as Miss Hardcastle (her first essay), as Rosalind, as Pauline, as Lady Teazle. With Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, at the Haymarket, she appeared in the comedies of Robertson and Tom Taylor. She has travelled the provinces through with brilliant success. In America she is more popular even than in England, and few women have been better advertised than she has been on both sides of the Atlantic. The wildest stories have been circulated concerning her extravagant luxury. Her wardrobe has supplied the female journalist with miles of "copy," and the society paragraphist has grown eloquent in describing her silver bath. As an administrator of business it is evident that she has rare ability. She has managed theatres and escaped failure. Her journeys to America have always been brilliantly remunerative, while her estates and cattle-ranches, if report speaks truth, cannot be traversed in many days. Her beauty, which first won her notoriety, is of the wholesome English type, with scarce a touch of romance or sentimentality. Her grace of movement was always remarkable, and she will be remembered as the "reigning toast" of her generation. Her early popularity on the stage was doubtless due to her brilliant career as a queen of society. It was hardly justified by her achievements. The convention of the stage is not the same as the convention of the drawing-room, and it frequently happens that an actress does not appear lady-like to an audience, who recognise the characters before them by certain traditional signs, just because she is a lady. At any rate, it is true that at her first appearance behind the footlights Mrs. Langtry seemed to lose all the grace and ease of manner which had secured her a triumph as

a woman of fashion. Hard work, however, has enabled her to acquire the tricks of a stage-lady, and though her temperament will never allow her to be a great actress, she will at least pass muster in a country where the standard of theatrical art is not high. And it may, at least, be set down to her advantage, that popularity, though it is no gauge of merit, has dogged her footsteps almost from first to last. It is true that, in spite of her good fortune, she has had her reverses. Her failure in *La Princesse Georges*, a version of Dumas' play, which was produced during her management of the Prince of Wales's theatre, was complete. But she has immensely improved since 1885, and her representation of Rosalind, a part she first attempted in 1882, lacks neither intelligence nor consistency. It is scarcely fair to estimate Mrs. Langtry's greatness by her accomplishments as an actress. Her position was won before she went on the stage. In America she has always been welcomed with enthusiasm, but America is more keenly interested in famous personages than in the drama, and it is quite possible that we should never have heard of Mrs. Langtry the actress, had not Mrs. Langtry, the beauty of many seasons and the photographers' shops, first become notorious. It may safely be prophesied that, when her exploits upon the stage have been quite forgotten, the power which she once wielded in Society, and the type of beauty which she rendered popular, will be recorded in all the gossiping memoirs of the last three decades of the nineteenth century.

COLONEL MAURICE.

OLONEL J. F. MAURICE is the eldest son of the late Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, whose name will always be associated with those of Dean Stanley and Charles Kingsley as one of the leaders of the "Broad Church" party in the Church of England. From early life, therefore, he was associated with men of great mental and literary capacity, and to the influence of such friends may possibly be traced the early development of his own skill as a writer.

After undergoing the usual course of education at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he joined a field battery in the Royal Artillery on the 10th December, 1861, and seven years later was enabled to take the first step towards further training in the higher branches of his profession by passing into the Staff College. Here he soon distinguished himself as an able writer; and, as a student, showed a very strong bias towards such subjects as Military History. It was a matter of no surprise, therefore, to those who knew him to see him appear as the successful Wellington Prize Essayist in 1871. The late Duke of Wellington, struck, as all Englishmen were in those years, by the astounding and rapid successes of Germany in 1870-1, and the undoubted approaching alteration of tactics induced by modern conditions of fire, and "desiring to promote professional knowledge and the expression of original ideas among officers of the Army" had, with the concurrence of H.R.H. the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, proposed as the subject for an essay open to all officers, "The System of Field Manœuvres best adapted for enabling our troops to meet a Continental Army," for which a prize of £100 was offered. The referee, Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, at that time Commandant of the Staff College, spoke in the highest and most flattering manner of Colonel, then Lieutenant, Maurice's *brochure*. In it, undoubtedly, the young writer fully grasped the enormous change that was passing over the conduct of warlike operations, both in their higher administration and their battle action, and he foreshadowed much of the alterations in tactics that the teaching of the Franco-German war has been so powerful in producing.

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COLONEL MAURICE.

About the same time that the advertisement of the Essay appeared in the *Times* he was appointed Instructor of Tactics, Administration, and Law, at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, the former Cadet system having been abolished and an entirely new one, embracing military subjects only, substituted. To his assistance therefore is due to some extent the establishment of the present system of theoretical military teaching, as the professors and instructors had to construct a method of instruction without any previous basis or text-books. But Lieutenant Maurice was not long to remain in this department of Military Education. The Ashanti war threatened; and, resigning his appointment, he was sent on special service to the Gold Coast, holding the position of private secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley during the brief campaign of 1873-74. He had a fair experience of the nature of bush fighting. He was present at the relief of Abrakrampa, at the battle of Amoaful, at the capture and destruction of Becqual, where he acted as Staff Officer to Colonel McLeod, at the battle of Ordahsu, and the capture of Coomassie. He was several times mentioned in despatches, and gained his first medal with the Coomassie clasp.

After being employed in the Intelligence Branch of the War Office, Captain Maurice's next foreign service was in the campaign of South Africa, where he held the appointment of Deputy Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General; and in 1879 was present at the storming of Sekukuni's stronghold in the Transvaal. Gallantly pushing on with one other officer in advance of the assaulting column he accompanied, he was severely wounded by a musket-ball in the shoulder, and was again mentioned in the despatches, receiving the brevet of major and the South African medal, with clasp. In 1882, the bombardment of Alexandria was followed by the despatch of a force, under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley, to defeat the rebellious army which Arabi Pasha had formed, and to restore tranquillity to the country. Major Maurice was appointed an Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General on the Head-Quarter Staff, and was present with his chief at the "affairs" of El Magfar, Tel el Mahuta, and Kassassin (on the 9th September), and finally at the battle of Tel el Kebir, which practically terminated the campaign. For his services his name again appears in the despatches of the general commanding, and he was rewarded by the brevet of lieutenant-colonel, the war medal, with clasp, the star of the 4th Class of the Order of Osmanieh, and the Khedive's bronze star.

Finally, when it was decided to attempt the rescue of General Gordon, and to relieve Khartoum, Colonel Maurice accompanied the army in the campaign on the Upper Nile, doing duty as Camp Commandant at Assiout, and at Abu Klea atmeh. This campaign promoted Lieutenant-Colonel Maurice to the rank of full colonel, while he was once more mentioned in despatches, and received his fifth decoration in the medal for the campaign with its clasp.

But if Colonel Maurice's war services have been thus varied and distinguished, his work in the field of letters is equally noteworthy. A "Popular Narrative of the Ashanti War" gave an excellent account of that campaign. The official history of "The Campaign of 1882 in Egypt," giving a clear and unbiased statement of the military operations, and the reasons that led to the adoption of the plan followed by Lord Wolseley, comes from his pen. A brief but valuable *brochure* on "Hostilities without Declaration of War," giving an historical abstract of "the cases in which hostilities have occurred between civilised powers prior to declaration or warning" was compiled by him when employed in the Intelligence Branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department. The history of his father's life is an able biography of a remarkable man. Last of all, a series of articles, practically in reply to the strictures made by Sir Charles Dilke on the offensive and defensive strength of England, was reprinted as "The Balance of Power in Europe," and attracted considerable notice on the Continent, as well as showing to the English people how much her political power abroad had been under-rated and under-valued.

A most valuable article on "Modern War" (in the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica) is well worth being classed among the best of Colonel Maurice's writings.

Colonel Maurice's appointment as Professor of Military History at the Staff College is a fitting climax to his long and good service, for in it not only will his intimate knowledge of his subject find full scope for usefulness, but his practical experience of what active service is like will lend greater value to his teaching of the higher branches of the Art of War.

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THE PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND MAUD OF WALES.

THE PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND MAUD OF WALES.

THE two younger daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales, although they have themselves as yet taken no active part in public life, are not unknown either by reputation or by appearance to the great majority of people, especially in London, for they have frequently (together with their eldest sister, now Duchess of Fife) accompanied their illustrious parents on occasions of general and national interest, and have always been the companions of the Princess of Wales during those daily afternoon drives in Hyde Park which have made her Royal Highness and her daughters very familiar personages to thousands of Londoners and their numerous country cousins.

Princess Victoria was born on July 6th, 1868, and the Princess Maud in the following year on November 26th. Their royal parents have shown a bright example to all fathers and mothers in the care with which their daughters have been brought up. When they were quite children, the general superintendence of their education was placed in the hands of Mdlle. Vauthier, who has been for years their trusted friend, and the wise controller of all their studies. In every branch of instruction the princesses have, of course, had the assistance of the most accomplished masters. Their religious and moral training was in the eyes of the Prince and Princess a matter of the first importance, and this their Royal Highnesses entrusted to the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, who prepared the three princesses for their confirmation, and has been their spiritual instructor and guide for many years. The princesses were always among the most regular attendants at the Children's Services at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, whither they were frequently accompanied by their parents. They inherit many of the gracious and winning gifts of manner which have made their illustrious mother the most popular lady in England. They have her fondness for animals, her tenderness for human misery, her never-failing sympathy with the suffering and the poor; they are accomplished linguists, and each excels in her own favourite

branch of art. Although the princesses have taken no part by themselves as yet in any public function, they have frequently paid private visits to Hospitals and Homes, especially to those devoted to the relief of juvenile misfortune; and many a little sufferer's lot has been cheered and brightened by their ready and genuine sympathy. The nation owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Prince and Princess of Wales for the wisdom and devotion with which their Royal Highnesses have secured for their children such moral and intellectual training as has already well fitted them to discharge the high duties which their position in life will entail, and which will certainly make them a blessing to those among whom their lot in life may be cast.

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SIR FREDERICK ABEL.

SIR FREDERICK AUGUSTUS ABEL, F.R.S., ETC.

THE name of Frederick Augustus Abel is more intimately associated than that of any other living man with the development of those high explosives which in recent years have threatened to partially revolutionise the science of warfare, and which have had more influence than might be supposed in the advancement of several of the arts of peace. For considerably more than four hundred years gunpowder was the only explosive of which we had any knowledge as being of practical use, either for mining and blasting, or for military and naval purposes. To a comparatively small band of chemists, at the head of whom stands the present Chemist to the War Department, we are indebted for the nitro-glycerine, the dynamite, and the smokeless powders, which, although one of their main ends is the destruction of human life, will, no doubt, indirectly assist the advent of that ideal era in which war shall wholly disappear for the reason that it will have become too deadly a game for nations to venture to play at.

Frederick Augustus Abel was born in London in 1827; and, although he has gained some distinction in the broader fields of general chemistry, he has always chiefly devoted himself to the chemistry of explosives. In connection with this subject he has written much, and done more. His treatises on "The Modern History of Gunpowder" (1866), "Gun Cotton" (1866), "Explosive Agents" (1872), "Researches in Explosives" (1875), and "Electricity applied to Explosive Purposes" (1884), are all standard works; and during 1890 he read before the Royal Institution a most admirable paper on "Smokeless Explosives," the latest outcome of the studies to which he may be said to have devoted his life. He is not the inventor of gun-cotton, which, indeed, owes its origin to the discovery by Braconnot in 1832 of the fact that starch, woody fibre, and similar substances, may be converted into highly combustible bodies by the action on them of concentrated nitric acid. The matter was further inquired into by Pelouze and by Dumas; and Schönbein in 1845 hit upon the proper method of

manufacturing true gun-cotton by treating cotton with a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acid. But gun-cotton never was of much practical utility until Abel introduced, in 1865, a system of pulping, compressing, and thoroughly purifying it, and thus brought it to the front as an explosive suitable for military as well as for general purposes. He also patented the admixture of gun-cotton with nitro-glycerine that is known as glyoxiline ; as well as a formidable compound of gun-cotton with a large portion of an oxidising body, such as chlorate or nitrate of potash, or nitrate of soda, with the addition of a small proportion of alkali, or of an alkaline carbonate such as carbonate of soda. He is also the introducer, if not the discoverer, of picric powder, a nearly smokeless mixture of saltpetre and picrate of ammonia, which has the advantage of being very safe, and of forming a capital filling for large shells. We believe that shells charged with some modification of this powder were fired in 1888-89 at the old ironclad *Resistance*, at Portsmouth, with terrible results, the explosive force of the compound being not less remarkable than the suffocating fumes to which it gave rise. These last, alone, would probably have been sufficient to disable the crew of the vessel, had she been in action. To this picric class of explosives belong most of the new powders of which we now hear so much, such as Melinite, Emmensite, and the German Rottweiler powder, which, when used at the last manœuvres, was reported by a general officer "to stink abominably," but to be almost entirely destitute of smoke. The class also includes cordite, another explosive of Sir Frederick Abel's introduction. This has been used in our new quick-firing guns, and has been found to propel projectiles at far greater velocities than can be attained with any other powder of equal safety and adaptability.

Sir Frederick Abel, who, after having been created a C.B. in 1877, was knighted and given the honorary degree of D.C.L. by the University of Oxford in 1883, is a Fellow of the Royal Society. Since 1867 he has been an Associate Member of the Ordnance Committee, and he is also Chemist to the War Department, Chemical Referee to the Government, and a member of the Royal Engineers' Committee. In July, 1888, in addition, he was appointed Chairman of the Special Committee on Explosives. Yet, in spite of the vast amount of technical work which Sir Frederick Abel must for years have had upon his hands, the distinguished chemist has never confined his energies wholly and exclusively to explosives, or even to chemistry. He has found time, in the past, to act as President of the

Institute of Chemistry, of the Chemical Society, and of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians; and he is an active, though honorary, member of the Institutes of Civil and of Mechanical Engineers. Beyond this, he sat, in 1883, on the Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines, and, in the same year, was Commissioner to the Electrical Exhibition at Vienna; while in 1885 he joined the Council of the Inventions Exhibition. Since then, as if nothing could satiate his appetite or limit his ability for hard work, he has accepted the post of organising secretary of the Imperial Institute. In 1888 he was Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, and chose as his subject "the application of science to the protection of human life"; and he has for years been a frequent reader of valuable papers before various learned societies and institutions.

The romance of Sir Frederick Abel's career has been exclusively of a scientific kind, yet it has been a romance for all that. Sir Frederick is personally a man of peace, a laboratory student. But from his privacy he has been able to give us, from time to time, that which may have as important an influence as the labours of a general staff, or the tactics of a Napoleon, upon the political future of the world. "Not in battlefields, in congresses, in courts, or in salons," says Goethe, "is history really made. It is produced in the study, often by the light of the midnight oil; and frequently does it happen that the hands of the real history-makers are not seen, although they hold the world between their fingers." This is still, and always will be, true. Berthold Schwarz, himself the inventor of gunpowder, was a cordelier monk; Roger Bacon, who is credited with the invention of the telescope and the air-pump, was a friar; Clerk of Eldin, the greatest eighteenth century authority on naval tactics, was a peaceful civilian; but all these, in their degree, and a thousand more whom it would be very easy to mention, were real history-makers. In the same light those who come after us will regard the men of to-day who, like Sir Frederick Abel, work in quietness to forge the weapons with which the great conquests, scientific, commercial, or military, are hereafter to be won.

THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

WHEN the time comes—may it be in the very distant future!—to write the life of the distinguished man who for the long space of six-and-forty years has been pastorally connected with Union Church, Islington, first in association with another, then eight years later as sole minister, the task will be no embarrassing one. Its only difficulty will consist in fully tracing out an influence which is not only many-sided and far-reaching, but is of a peculiarly delicate, impalpable kind. The biographer will not feel that there is much to be said of ability and little of character, nor will he be at all disposed to reverse the proportions. Such an achievement as that of building up, in a critical and luxurious age, one of the largest, most cultured, and most practically influential churches in the whole country, is not to be explained by talent alone, however brilliant, nor by piety alone, however profound, but only by a happy combination of the two.

It is mainly as the pastor of Union Church that Dr. Allon is known to fame. Union Church was his first love, for he came to it on leaving Cheshunt College, in 1844, and it is safe now to say that it will be his last. It has a history of unusual interest. It was formed early in the present century by a coalition between Evangelical Churchmen who were dissatisfied with their ministry, and certain Nonconformists who had no ministry to be dissatisfied with. For the first two years the members worshipped in a house in Highbury Grove. Then, in 1806, a chapel was built in what afterwards became, as the builder began to operate, Compton Terrace; and it is an interesting coincidence that one of the opening services was conducted by the Rev. Henry Gauntlett, formerly vicar of Olney, whose gifted son, Dr. Gauntlett, was long years afterwards to become the organist of the church, and by his collaboration with Dr. Allon in the editing of the *Congregational Psalmist* was to do so much to add to the "light" in which Nonconformity has never been deficient, the "sweetness" which formerly, from no fault of its own, it possessed in less abundance.

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THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

The original basis of the little community was not directly democratic, and it was not till 1835 that it frankly conformed to the Congregational type. At first, too, by a creditable compromise, the Church liturgy was read in the morning, and the Congregational use adopted in the evening, while the Lord's Supper was administered first to the Anglicans at the Communion table, and then the elements were taken round from seat to seat to the rest of the communicants. The elimination of the Church method in both particulars naturally followed the definite assumption of the Congregational polity, though the change did not come for some years, and came at last without disturbance or controversy.

It was, of course, inevitable that with so gracious and winning a ministry as that of the talented young Yorkshireman soon proved itself to be, the original Union Chapel should be found too small. Time after time it was enlarged, but at length it became clear that nothing but reconstruction would meet the case, and so, in 1875, the congregation determined to arise and build. The estimated cost which they screwed up their courage to face was £28,000; but when, towards the close of last year, the work was finished by the completion of the tower, more than £47,000 had been expended. The money, however, was well bestowed, for the building, in the Gothic style, freely treated, is a veritable Nonconformist cathedral. The exterior view is not particularly imposing, for which the situation and surroundings must be held in part responsible. Within, however, the effect is admirable beyond expression. In harmony of proportion, in the prevalence of a beauty which is never more nor less than chaste, in the success with which the Gothic has been adapted to a service of which an indispensable condition is that the preacher be within easy sight and sound of all, the new Union Chapel is probably without an equal among modern places of worship.

Dr. Allon is not one of those whose vocation it is to go up and down the land preaching to admiring multitudes. If people at a distance want to hear him they must go to him, since he will not come to them. And when they do go to him, if they do not feel that at last they have seen their ideal of a non-liturgical service realised, it can only be because their ideal is overpassed. Taking the service altogether—music, devotions, sermon, surroundings—it is, one ventures to think, the best *of its kind* in all London. Those to whose devotions music is the greatest of human aids, must be abundantly helped to worship in spirit and in truth; the simply pious

cannot but be inspired by the chastened fervour which glows in the prayers; the thoughtful find in the sermon much that charms at the time and something to reflect upon afterwards. Yet the orator's arts are left unpractised. Of "action" there is very little; of declamation, nothing. The prayers are extemporaneous, and are at once so free and so beautiful with felicitous expression that it is strange to learn that even many years ago the Doctor could have lamented his lack of fluency in speech. The sermon is usually read, but read with such admirable, albeit unstudied, effect that were it not for a degree of literary grace and finish hardly possible to extempore utterance, it might easily be supposed that no MS. was being used. Though free from all suspicion of unsoundness in the faith, and not backward in defending the more distinctive doctrines of his creed, Dr. Allon deals largely with those fundamental principles which are accepted by all who have any religious belief at all; and among evangelical ministries it would not be easy to find another so helpful and stimulating alike to those who have definitely parted from the ancient moorings, and to those who are confused by the intellectual welter around them. Many of Dr. Allon's discourses have been published, and have met with wide appreciation. He has also made many contributions to the reviews, has written memoirs of Sherman and of Binney, and was for several years the editor of the *British Quarterly Review.*

If the pastor of Union Church has been free from the reproach of seeking honour from men, marks of distinction have nevertheless come to him. In 1871 he received the degree of honorary D.D. from Yale, and from St. Andrew's in 1885. But before the earlier of these years—in 1864—he had been appointed to the Chairmanship of the Congregational Union, to which office he was again elected in 1881. Further honour it is not in the power of his brethren to confer; but it yet remains to add that he has, what he no doubt prizes much more highly, the grateful affection of his own people. "Neither open breach nor latent schism qualifies the satisfaction of the retrospect," he was able to say many years ago, in reviewing his pastorate; and the words might now be repeated with still greater emphasis and yet more fervid gratulation.

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PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

A FEW years ago two very distinguished men were engaged in a controversy as to the comparative advantages of literature and science in a liberal education. Mr. Matthew Arnold defended literature with characteristic grace and charm, while science found in Professor Huxley the most formidable and eloquent of champions. But it may be reasonably doubted whether Professor Huxley does not owe his present position in the estimation of his countrymen quite as much to his literary as to his scientific attainments; for not only is he one of the most distinguished scientific men of our day, but he is also one of the ablest writers of English prose. He has made himself master of a singularly captivating style, and of a power of exposition which is rare among scientific men. And by reason of this two-fold gift he has done more, perhaps, than any other English writer to direct the thoughts of the educated classes into scientific channels, and to develop in them the now very widespread mental attitude towards religious and philosophical problems to which he himself has given the name "Agnostic."

He was born at Ealing in 1825, and was educated at Ealing School. Later on he pursued his medical studies at Charing Cross Hospital, and was appointed in 1846 Assistant-Surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*. He remained with that vessel during a surveying cruise in the South Pacific and the Torres Straits, returning to this country in 1850, when he left the naval service. He was unsuccessful in an attempt to obtain a Professorship of Physiology, but the services he had already rendered to natural science were recognised in 1852 by his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1854 he received a more substantial reward in being appointed the successor of Mr. Edward Forbes as Professor of Natural History at the Royal School of Mines. His work at that time brought him much into contact with the great naturalist who was then engaged upon the investigations which, a few years later, resulted in the publication of "The Origin of Species." Mr. Darwin had said that if he were ever able to convert Lyell, Hooker, and Huxley to a belief in the theory of Natural Selection, the result would

be that though the whole world might rail, the theory itself would prevail. The prophecy has been in part fulfilled; for it may justly be said that if "the hypothesis which supposes that species living at any time must be the result of a gradual modification of pre-existing species" is now an accepted fact, not only in the scientific world, but among the majority of thinking men and women, it is due in part to the fact that its leading apostle has been a man so eminently fitted for the exposition of new truths. If Mr. Darwin planted, Professor Huxley was certainly the Apollos who watered. With characteristic eagerness and vigour the Professor preached the new doctrine wherever he could obtain a hearing. "I acted for some time in the capacity of a sort of under-nurse," is his own description of his relation to the theory at that time. "For some years it was undoubtedly warm work," he added; none the less it was the sort of warm work he obviously enjoyed, and which brought out all his best powers. He lectured on the subject at the Royal Institution; he wrote a long and powerful review of "The Origin of Species" in the *Times;* and at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860 he carried the war into the heart of the enemy's country. His crushing reply to Bishop Wilberforce's attack on Evolution will be long remembered by those who were present at the meeting. "What a gift you have of writing clearly!" said Mr. Darwin to him, in a spirit of friendly jealousy. And this clearness of expression was as noticeable in his speeches as in his writings. His method of dealing with an opponent was sometimes almost ruthless; and the effect of his argument was heightened by the fact that while his antagonists invariably lost their heads or their tempers, he preserved throughout an attitude of restrained but sufficiently irritating scorn.

In 1870 he was elected President of the British Association, and his address on "Man's Relation to the Lower Animals" gave rise to a large amount of passionate controversy. In the same year he was elected a member of the London School Board. At the Board, as in the Evolution controversy, he found himself in sharp antagonism to the clergy and the supporters of denominational teaching. Forsaking for a time the advocacy of purely scientific truths, he plunged vigorously into the discussion of theological problems, vehemently attacking, in particular, the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. He has always been ready to do battle with a theologian. Mr. Justin McCarthy has said of him that "few men can expose a sophism so effectively in a single sentence of exhaustive satire,"

and the truth of this criticism has been frequently illustrated in his treatment of the arguments of incautious and dogmatic ecclesiastics. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that Professor Huxley loves controversy even more than the particular subject about which he is, for the moment, concerned. Manysidedness is indeed one of the most noticeable features in his character. Like Mr. Darwin, he is an inveterate novel-reader, and his habitual reliance on illustrations drawn from literature and art is a sufficient indication of the variety of his interests.

Among other distinctions which have been conferred on him may be mentioned the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University in 1872, and the Presidency of the Royal Society in 1883. He was created LL.D. of Dublin and Edinburgh Universities in 1878, and LL.D. of Cambridge in 1879. In 1883 he was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge. He has always been a prolific contributor to the magazines, and several volumes of his collected papers and reviews have been published. He has also written "Lessons in Elementary Physiology," "Physiography," "Hume" in the English Men of Letters series, and many other works. In 1885 he resigned most of the positions he then held, including the Inspectorship of Fisheries and the Presidency of the Royal Society. But his energy in other directions is still unabated. During the last few years he has written much, and has entered into controversy with all sorts and conditions of men. Mr. Gladstone published an article on "The Dawn of Creation," and Professor Huxley, to whom the very word "creation" is a bugbear, rushed in to slay the slain, and to marvel at the obtuseness of a great statesman in refusing to accept the plain teachings of science. Later still he has been defending the Agnostic position against the attacks of Principal Wace, and, like his old antagonist Mr. Arnold, he has apparently undertaken the task of investigating for himself "the origin and credibility of the Gospels." The reviews will be considerably duller when the Professor retires from the field of battle.

It has been said of Mr. Gladstone that if he had not been a great statesman, he would have been a great theologian. In a similar way we may say of Professor Huxley that if he had not been a great scientific man, he would have been a great lawyer. But in this case, also, his literary faculty would have counted for much in the attainment of his most lasting triumphs.

MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

ALMOST any afternoon during the Parliamentary Sessions between the years 1874 and 1884, there might have been seen approaching the House of Commons from the direction of Vauxhall Bridge a tall man and a youthful-looking lady with bright eyes, a fresh complexion, and wide open forehead. A close observer might have noticed that the lady acted as guide, and that, despite his firm decided walk, her companion was blind. They seemed to be frequent visitors to the House, for, as they entered, the crowd in the lobby would make way for them, and the policemen, as well as the friendly Cerberus at the members' entrance, had a friendly greeting for the blind Postmaster-General and his young wife. But the day of women members was even further off then than it seems now, and at the entrance to the Members' Gallery husband and wife had therefore to part, the latter generally tripping off to the Ladies' Gallery to listen with keen and intelligent interest to the debates. The description of Mrs. Fawcett by one of her husband's opponents as "an absentee member of the House who had only not taken her oaths and her seat" fell short of the truth in those days, when she was rarely absent from her post in the Ladies' Gallery.

Though actively interested in every movement to promote the social, political, and industrial independence of women, it is with the Women's Suffrage Movement that Mrs. Fawcett's name is most closely identified. At a time when it was regarded as an unpardonable breach of conventionality for a woman to speak in public, Mrs. Fawcett appeared as a lecturer on Women's Suffrage, and, by her unassuming womanliness and charm of voice and manner, won many of her opponents to her side. While others have merely talked of "the cause," Mrs. Fawcett has been quietly working for it. Her ability makes her one of the strongest arguments in favour of women representatives; and if ever the day comes when women may be returned to Parliament, one of our first lady members will probably be Mrs. Fawcett.

Besides being an ardent suffragist, Mrs. Fawcett takes an active interest

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MRS. FAWCETT.

in the work of the National Vigilance Association, and more especially in those branches of the work connected with the employment of children *in theatres and the suppression of child-marriage in India.* At a recent meeting of the Association Mrs. Fawcett pleaded with womanly emotion the cause of the poor little victims of child-marriage. She and her daughter Philippa have given practical proof of their sympathy with Indian women by founding a scholarship for their benefit. That same daughter Philippa, whose whistling used to guide her father in his skating voyages across the frozen Fens near Cambridge, and who was just growing to womanhood when her father died, has been for nearly three years in residence at Newnham College, Cambridge. She has inherited in a marked degree the intellectual powers of both her parents, and promises to take an honourable place in the Mathematical Tripos next June. Mrs. Fawcett extends to her daughter and only child the same generous liberty in which she and her sisters were brought up by her father, Mr. Newson Garrett, of Aldburgh, Suffolk. Equality of privilege, and encouragement to think for themselves, were two of the principles on which the six sisters and four brothers of that happy home were educated. In the lives of three of the sisters—Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, and Miss Agnes Garrett—the wisdom of these principles has been conspicuously proved. Since the death of her sister Miss Rhoda Garrett, who was a partner in the work of house-decoration still carried on by Miss Agnes Garrett, Mrs. Fawcett has shared with the latter a house in Gower Street and a cottage in Sussex.

Besides the "Essays on Political and Social Questions," written in conjunction with her husband, Mrs. Fawcett has published "A Political Economy for Beginners," "Tales in Political Economy," a novel called "Janet Doncaster," and magazine articles on Women's Suffrage and on the Eastern Question. She also wrote the article on Communism for the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." To those who know her only as a writer, personal acquaintance with Mrs. Fawcett is a revelation, especially if they are imbued with the old-fashioned prejudice that high intellectual power cannot be combined with sympathetic womanliness; while they may also discover a fund of humour which makes a story told by Mrs. Fawcett something to be pleasantly remembered.

LORD HERSCHELL.

HEN Lord Herschell was plain Mr. Farrer Herschell—a comparatively newly-fledged aspirant for legal honours—so generally were his abilities recognised that great things were predicted of him, and it was even prophesied that he would be the youngest Q.C. of his generation and the youngest judge on the Bench. The first prophecy proved true, for he was a Q.C. before he was thirty-five years of age; and the second might well have held good if he had not himself stood in the way by preferring a political to a judicial career.

Lord Herschell is the son of the late Rev. Ridley Herschell, and was born on the 2nd of November, 1837. He was educated at the University of Bonn and University College, London, taking the B.A. degree at London University. In 1860 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and then commenced that career which was to lead to his attainment of the highest honour in the legal profession—the Lord Chancellorship—when only forty-eight years of age. So that if he did not become the youngest judge, he certainly became one of the youngest Lord Chancellors of the century. Full well has he justified his motto, "Celeriter."

After a most promising and distinguished record at the Bar, in 1872 Mr. Farrer Herschell was made a Q.C. and a Bencher of his Inn, and from 1873 to 1880 he was Recorder of Carlisle. In 1874 he was elected for Durham in the Liberal interest, and held office as Solicitor-General throughout Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry (1880–85), Sir Henry James being Attorney-General. At the General Election of 1886 Sir Farrer Herschell was defeated for the Lonsdale Division of North Lancashire, but a higher honour was in store for him. Mr. Gladstone had offered the Lord Chancellorship to Sir Henry James, who, however, differing as he did from his leader on the Irish question, felt bound to refuse the offer, most conscientiously sacrificing what might well have been considered his legitimate reward. The Prime Minister then fell back on his former Solicitor-General, and in February, 1886, Sir Farrer Herschell was constituted Lord High Chancellor, and on the 8th of that month was created a Peer under the title of Baron Herschell. That the appointment was a popular one in the

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LORD HERSCHELL.

profession was evident from the tone of the legal papers, one of them saying at the time—"Had the legal profession been called upon to nominate the new Lord Chancellor they would, we believe, have unanimously selected Sir Farrer Herschell. In the Courts he has obtained a high reputation for sound judgment and accurate legal knowledge, while in the House of Commons he proved himself a wise counsellor and an able debater."

His period of office was not to last long, however—less than six months, in fact—for after the second election of 1886, and the defeat of Mr. Gladstone at the polls, Lord Salisbury came into office (August 3rd), and Lord Herschell's seat on the woolsack was taken by Lord Halsbury.

Since he has been in the House of Lords Lord Herschell has introduced many useful measures and motions, having in view the improvement of the criminal and common law, one of the latest dealing with the unequal incidence of punishments. In politics he has remained an ardent and constant supporter of Mr. Gladstone's policy, and a recent and memorable speech of his, on a point connected with the Irish question, deserves a word or two of mention.

Following the course which had been adopted in the House of Commons after a debate of many days' duration, Lord Salisbury rose in the House of Lords on March 21st, 1890, and moved—"That the Report of the Special Commissioners"—(commonly known as the Parnell Commission)—"having been presented to Parliament, this House adopts the Report, and thanks the Commissioners for their just and impartial conduct in the matter referred to them, and orders that the Report be entered on the journals of the House."

Lord Herschell was the principal speaker on the Opposition side, and argued the matter at considerable length in a speech of great power. After dwelling on his original objections to the appointment of the Commission, and maintaining that such objections had been largely justified by the result, he warmly denounced the calumnious charges against Irish Members based on the celebrated forged letters, condemning the use of such unholy weapons by public men. "Our political conflicts," he said, "are heated and bitter enough, but there are limits to the weapons which it is justifiable to use. I would venture to adopt in relation to politicians the words of a distinguished judge, when speaking of the obligations of an advocate—'The weapons which he wields he should wield as a warrior, not as an assassin; he should seek to prevail *per fas*, and not *per nefas*.'"

After speaking of the too universal clouding of the vision by the dust and smoke of the combat, Lord Herschell instanced various well-known reversals of

judgment in history, and concluded his powerful speech with these words—"When the story of this great drama comes to be written on the calm page of history, and the clouds that have obscured the view have disappeared, it may be that praise and blame will be allotted in a very different fashion from that in which it is now apportioned, and that those who to-night are the objects of your condemnation will not have the most cause to regret that this record has found its way on to the journals of the House."

On the 20th of December, 1876, Lord Herschell married Agnes Adela, third daughter of Edward Leigh Kindersley, Esq., of Clyffe, Dorchester, Dorset. His family consists of a son, Richard Farrer, born May 22, 1878, and three daughters. He is a member of four clubs—the Athenæum, Brooks's, the Wyndham, and the Devonshire.

It is well known that ex-Lord Chancellors cannot practise, and although they receive a pension of £4,000 or £5,000 a year, this as a rule does not represent more than a third or perhaps a fourth of their professional income prior to their elevation to the woolsack. It is well, therefore, that the Crown has certain offices at its disposal, which may often with advantage be conferred on retired public servants. Of such a character is the Captaincy of Deal Castle, to which Lord Herschell has recently been appointed, in the place of the late Earl Sydney.

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HERR JOACHIM.

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MONG all the famous violinists of the present and past ages who have been honoured in England there is not one who has so thoroughly succeeded in winning the affection of the English people as Joseph Joachim. Since the day when he made his first appearance in London —a boy of fourteen—his annual visits are regarded as the brighter days of the musical season. Whenever and wherever he appears, interested crowds assemble and listen with rapt attention to his masterly interpretations of the works of the great composers in whom he takes delight, and who under his hands seem to "live on the earth again." In him Art finds one of her finest exponents, and his example, alike as a teacher and as a *virtuoso*, is a solid and standing monument of integrity; the genuine against the meretricious. These principles have commended him especially to the British public, for however much it may be inclined to sway one side or the other at the blast of the breath of the latest advocate of new theories, it knows how to respect genuine worth such as Joachim has always exhibited from his childhood onwards.

Mendelssohn, in a letter to Sterndale Bennett, which the boy-artist brought with him in 1844 to London, spoke of him in the highest terms, and concludes his letter by saying: "I assure you that though he is only thirteen, I already regard him as one of my intimate and dearest friends." These words of praise from Mendelssohn, the most beloved of modern musicians, have been endorsed over and over again by the British public, and as year by year has passed by, there has been no change in the attitude of the public towards the object of their favour.

Joseph Joachim was born of that ancient race which has given so many musicians to the world, in a small village called Kittsee, near Presburg, in Hungary, on June 28, 1830. He began to play the violin when he was five years of age, and was placed under a master called Szervacsinsky, who was orchestral conductor at the theatre at Pesth. He made such progress as to justify his master in allowing him to appear in public when he was only seven. His artistic aspirations even at that

early age prompted the ambition of seeking a larger field of action; he therefore went to Vienna to study under Böhn, with whom Ernst and other eminent violinists had studied. In 1842 he went to Leipzig to take finishing lessons from David, and to study composition under Hauptman. Here Joachim met Mendelssohn, and, as we have seen, the difference in the ages of the two enthusiasts was no bar to the firm friendship which was established between them, and which was only interrupted by the death of Mendelssohn. The last time the great composer left his house was to attend a concert in the Gewandhaus, in October, 1847, to hear his own Concerto played by Joachim.

Joachim visited Paris after his first visit to London, and in 1848, being then only eighteen years old, he was appointed with Ferdinand David concert-meister or leader, and Professor at the Leipzig Conservatorium. From Leipzig he moved to Weimar, where his stay was short, and in 1854 he went to Hanover to occupy a like post at the command of the King, and here he trained his orchestra to such perfection that its performances were famous throughout the whole world of art. He was also appointed sole director of the Court Concerts, and was honoured with the Gold Medal of Art and Science, and the Guelphic Order, conferred upon him by the King. Here he remained until 1866, during which time he (in June, 1863) married Amalia Weiss, celebrated as a contralto vocalist.

The most important step in his artistic career was taken when he accepted, in 1868, the post he now holds, namely, that of director of the then newly established department of the Royal Academy of Arts, in Berlin—The *Hochschule für ausübende Tonkunst* (High School for Musical Execution), as distinguished from composition, for which provision had already been made. In this school his unselfish devotion to the work he is called upon to do, and his great natural and acquired abilities, never fail to inspire in the hearts of all the pupils a spirit of earnest and manly encouragement of the true, and of pity for the false.

With him England is a second home; his personal character, besides his artistic gifts, commending him to the people, who know how to value one whose honesty of purpose and straightforward disposition are types of qualifications which are held to be portions of the composition of British nature. Every year that he has visited this country the interest among amateurs and the music public generally is continually augmented, and the occasion of his artistic jubilee, in 1888, when his English admirers presented

him with a violin valued at a thousand guineas, was a further evidence of the esteem in which he is held.

When he appeared for the first time in England, at a concert given by the *Societa Armonica*, directed by Mr. Forbes, although he was scarcely fourteen years of age, it was felt by the *connoisseurs* of the time that he was no mere child prodigy, whose premature development was calculated to excite as much sorrow for the future as sympathy for the present, but that he was in every respect a true artist, whose powers would increase with increasing years. This opinion was confirmed when he appeared shortly after at one of the Philharmonic concerts in the same year. His fame increased with each successive visit in 1847, 1849, 1852, 1858, and 1859. On the establishment of the Monday Popular Concerts, in 1859, his genius as a leader of chamber music proved him to be possessed of ability as great in a new direction as it had been shown to be on conventional lines in years before. His *répertoire* is as extensive as his sympathies. The popularity of the violin works of John Sebastian Bach is greatly owing to his masterly interpretation of them, and his own compositions are as varied as his mind is broad and catholic. With the modesty which is characteristic of true merit, he has refrained from printing many of his works. All that are known are distinguished by breadth of outline, rich and ingenious scoring, and high character and interest. Some of the best remembered are the "Concertstück in G minor," the "Concerto in the Hungarian manner," "a Concerto in G major," overtures to *Hamlet*, *Demetrius*, *Henry IV.*, and to the memory of Heinrich Kleist, the German dramatic poet; a series of pieces entitled "Hebrew Melodies," a large number of fugitive pieces, besides several transcriptions. In all his works there is much that is indicative as well of his sound musicianship as of his personal disposition.

To the honours which have been conferred upon him abroad may be added those which have been granted by British Universities. He is a Doctor of Music of the Universities of Cambridge and of Oxford, and a Doctor of Laws of the University of Glasgow, the academical bodies in each case honouring themselves by honouring him.

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

FEW living writers have enjoyed so long and chequered a literary career as Mrs. Lynn Linton. Her first story was written more than forty years ago, and gave little indication of the field in which her subsequent success was to be won. It was an historical novel, entitled "Amymone: A Romance of the Time of Pericles." But long since, Mrs. Lynn Linton abandoned archæological research and devoted herself to the study of life around her. Her later works have, one and all, been characterised by the actuality and determination to tackle the burning questions of the day, which have destroyed many a promising novelist. In "Under which Lord," for instance, the purpose is a little too obvious, and the reader is unpleasantly conscious that his sympathy is being aroused by the author's energetic attack on sacerdotalism, rather than by the artistic quality of the work. It may be said, without the suspicion of exaggeration, that neither good intentions nor high aspirations ever saved a novel (or any other work of art) from cruel oblivion. And it is quite likely that "Under which Lord"—with many other romantic discussions—will be forgotten as soon as the subjects of which it treats have ceased to excite the interest of the public. It is Mrs. Lynn Linton's misfortune that she belonged to an age which professed to worship George Eliot. And, indeed, she has once strayed so far from the narrow path as to have been guilty of producing what looked very like an imitation of "Theophrastus Such." But it is not only by her "improving" literature that she is known to the public. She has written many stories which have a right to be read and re-read for the best of all possible reasons, because, namely, they are well written and well constructed. It may also be set down to her credit that she is the most distinguished journalist of her sex. Her style is admirably adapted to controversy. She can give and take the hardest of blows with refreshing vigour and imperturbable good humour. It will be long before the effect of her brilliant series of articles, called "The Girl of the Period," is forgotten. The modern champions of Women's Rights, which now embrace a far wider

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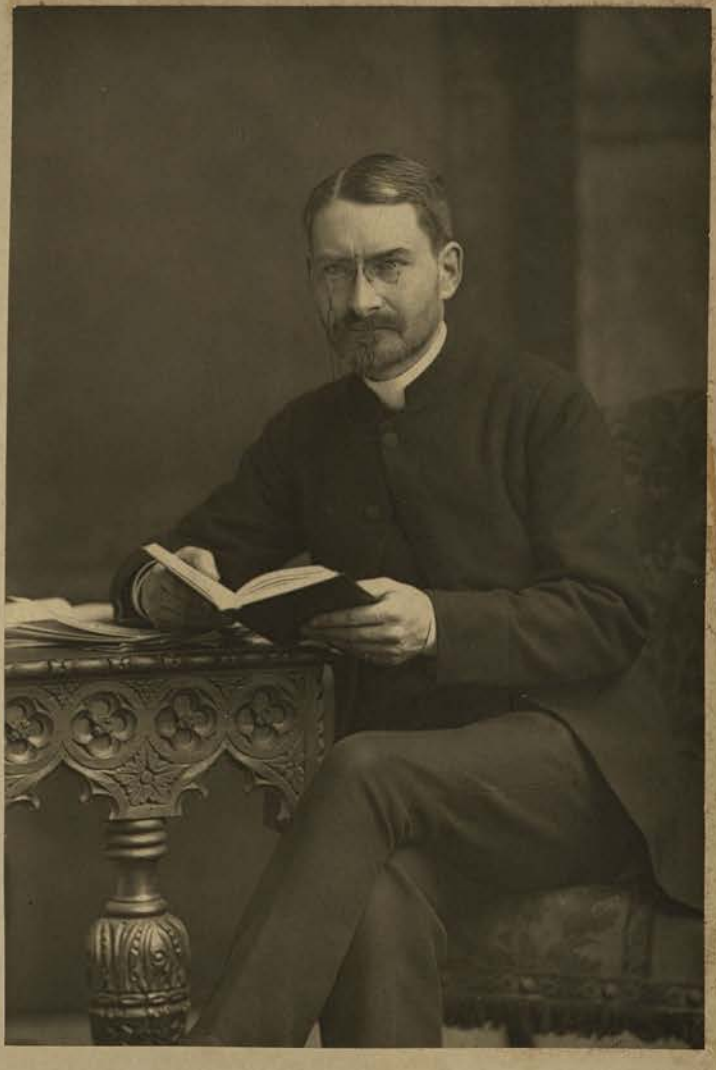
MRS. LYNN LINTON.

field than that of politics, can hardly be expected to be her devoted adherents. For she has attacked them with an energy and incisiveness which they—as victims—must needs bitterly resent. And here the logic of her position is not wholly unassailable. She has always proved herself well able to hold her own against all comers in the struggle for existence, and it is something of a paradox that she should elect to raise her voice against the extension of female enterprise. The effect of the lessons—and excellent lessons they are, too—which she has taught by theory, she has astoundingly weakened by the whole practice of her life. In fact, her own career is, as the New Journalist would say, a useful "object lesson," which proves that after all it is possible for a woman to adopt the most strenuous of the professions, and be none the worse for it. But, in spite of its illogicality, Mrs. Lynn Linton's gospel has not been preached in vain. Of course, the advanced dismiss it with the scornful epithet of "reactionary;" but in these days, when all barriers are being broken down and the eternal distinctions of sex and intelligence are being set at naught, it is generally the "reactionary" who does the most valuable service to the State. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," says the adage, and it would be difficult to find a dozen words which conveyed less truth. Mrs. Lynn Linton, by strength of brain and lucidity of style, has achieved a brilliant success, both as novelist and journalist, but her triumph is not sufficient encouragement for the rest of her sex, who are not all as richly endowed as she, to follow her example.

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

ALTHOUGH the subject of this sketch has hardly yet reached his prime, since he was only born in 1847, he is already in the front rank of his own denomination, while in popularity and influence outside the Wesleyan communion he distinctly out-distances the foremost of his co-religionists. The "secret" of his position and power is not far to find. His gifts, at once brilliant and solid, as lucidity of thought, a pregnant and lively style of oratory, resourcefulness in debate, a quick sense of humour, conjoined with intensity of conviction, well-disciplined enthusiasm, great administrative ability, and abnormal capacity for hard work, go far to explain such achievement even as his. Yet this is not quite all; and the sufficient explanation is only found when Mr. Price Hughes is regarded as a happily-constituted organ of what it used to be the vogue to call the *Zeit-Geist*. He entered upon his ministerial career at a time when there was in a few scattered minds a growing sense that evangelical Christianity, in laying stress upon the spiritual elements of man's nature, had too much forgotten that he had also a mind, and even a body; and that in emphasising his individuality, as directly responsible to his Creator, it was failing to see in him a member of the body politic, with social claims and obligations of the first importance. This defect of a virtue had been pointed out by hostile critics with no lack of frankness; and George Eliot never, perhaps, coined a happier word than when she labelled it "other-worldliness." The many, of course, repelled the charge; the more candid minds, without enjoying the sneer, set themselves to correct the fault; and among these none has better right, judged by the test of works, to urge that the "service of God," so far from being antithetical to the "service of man," is its most effectual inspiration, than the originator and organiser of the already famous "Forward Movement."

It was at Dover, where he was stationed on leaving the Training College at Richmond, that Mr. Hughes began to be specially interested in two of the causes to which he has since rendered such splendid service. The influence of Mrs. Josephine Butler aroused his sympathy with the Social Purity Movement, then in its infancy; his pastoral work brought him face



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THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

The Rev Hugh Price Hughes BA

to face with the deplorable evils of intemperance. From Dover he was sent to Brighton; then, having done duty in two London stations—Stoke Newington and Dulwich—he found himself at Oxford, where the culture which had won him his degree from the University of London enabled him to appeal with success to the undergraduate mind. After Oxford came Brixton, and then, in starting the West London Mission, Mr. Price Hughes entered upon what promises to be the work of his life.

To describe this novel and many-sided movement, even in outline, is not possible here. The centre of operations is St. James's Hall, but the Mission has already overflowed, so to speak, into Wardour Hall, Soho, and Cleveland Hall, and in the winter Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, is used both for religious services and, on Saturday evenings, for free concerts of secular music. The methods by which it seeks to help and comfort the poor, and to win poor and rich alike to a higher life, are a study in religious tactics; and the annual report might be called, as a sub-title, "The Missioner's Text-Book." One of the most interesting of the agencies is that of "The Sisters of the People," consisting of about a dozen ladies, who, without taking upon themselves any vows in restraint of their future action, give up the whole of their time to works of charity, and to this end live together as a Sisterhood under the superintendence of Mrs. Price Hughes, and wear a habit which is distinctive and suggestive without being sombre. Other important features of the Mission are the Medical and Musical Departments; the latter is thoroughly organised under a competent director, who, having a liberal pecuniary allowance, has been able to form one of the most complete orchestral bands in London.

Every Sunday afternoon Mr. Hughes holds in St. James's Hall what he calls, in the French sense of the word, a "Conference." There is no debate, but some important social question is taken up and dealt with in a thoroughly practical fashion, before an audience generally numbering not less than two thousand, mostly men, and largely working men. The substance of some of these addresses has been gathered up into two volumes, "Social Christianity" and "The Philanthropy of God," the former of which, published last year, has already been through three editions. Of course, so unconventional a choice of topics, and the freedom and boldness with which they are treated, are not to the taste of those to whom nothing is sacred but religious exercises and the first day of the week; nor are such critics pleased with the notion of entertaining people on Sunday with music which, though sacred, comes

from such ungodly devices as fiddles and flutes. But, anxious as he is to avoid giving offence, Mr. Hughes is obliged here to take his own path. To thrust social questions into the background would be to countenance the very error which he believes himself set to correct. On the other hand, he is careful to insist that while the Church has been far too individualistic, the great social movements which began with the upheaval in France towards the end of the last century have, for their part, forgotten that the community is made up of individuals—that if the Church has sought "righteousness" without seeking "the kingdom of God," the Revolution has sought the kingdom of God without seeking righteousness. And further, it should be said, he is careful to avoid purely political subjects, not merely on the platform, but even in the columns of his popular organ, the *Methodist Times*. He is a Welshman, born and bred at Carmarthen; and one may have a shrewd notion as to his attitude towards the democratic faith; but he has never once taken part in a purely political demonstration, often as he has been urged to do so.

Save for the performances of a full orchestral band, the Sunday evening service at St. James's Hall is of the ordinary evangelistic type. It is then that Mr. Hughes deals with religion as it affects the individual soul. This he regards as the ultimate end of all other efforts of the Mission; and it may be worthy of note that of all the services this is the most popular. No Sunday evening passes without hundreds being turned away from the doors. Many, of course, are only curious to see what manner of man the Missioner is, or desirous of regaling their ears with the really admirable music; but every Sunday some who come from such motives as these remain to pray; and the distinctly spiritual results of the Mission, as a whole, are by those best able to judge declared to be abundantly encouraging.

One dream in which Mr. Hughes has fondly indulged is already getting itself translated into fact. At this very time the terms of consolidation between the Methodist New Connexion and the United Methodist Free Churches are being arranged; and the signs of the times are strangely misleading if before many years have come and gone the movement thus begun do not issue in the coalition into one great Church of all the Methodist communities.

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THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY.

THE Right Hon. John Morley has for some years been one of the most prominent figures in contemporary politics and letters. Born at Blackburn fifty-two years ago, Mr. Morley was sent as a boy to school at Cheltenham, and thence he passed to Lincoln College, Oxford, where in due course he took his degree. Like other men who have afterwards won high distinction, Mr. Morley left no strong impress on the University life of his generation, and he is not among the representative figures to whom Oxford most naturally lays claim. But before he quitted the University, Mr. Morley's friends had already discovered the liberal information and love of knowledge, the fine literary instinct, and the gift of style which were soon to become more widely known. Escaping, happily, from the toils of a profession, and, although subsequently called to the Bar, shunning the law and its laborious days, Mr. Morley took refuge in literature—the casual-ward of genius—and before he had ceased to be called a young man, gave to the world a critical and biographical study of Burke. The success of this endeavour, in a subject to which Mr. Morley has since more than once returned, encouraged the writer to follow the same path further. Within a few years he published another volume, dealing with another of the giants of the eighteenth century, Voltaire—a volume often brilliant and outspoken, which still remains the finest piece of English criticism on the work and value of Voltaire. Mr. Morley vividly appreciated the vastness of Voltaire's influence, and the significance of his legacy to posterity. He was perhaps, by the cast of his mind and the tenor of his views, peculiarly well fitted to explain that influence to the world, and once launched upon this course, he persevered. Leaving aside the dry bones of French revolutionary history, he set himself to elucidate with a wealth of information, eloquence, and thought, the speculative and political theories which produced and ruled the Revolution. He approached them with abundant sympathy, with unembarrassed vision, even with ardent friendliness of interest. The bent of his mind was strongly against inequality, dogma, and injustice. Perhaps he shared a little of that love of pitiless

logic which Frenchmen revere and which fanatics exaggerate. From Voltaire he passed on to Rousseau, treating at greater length, and with even more decisiveness of exposition, the celebrated doctrines of the Social Contract, and painting skilfully the strange temperament, the stranger life, the uneven brilliancy, and obscured powers of its author. Two years later he turned to write of Diderot, and the group of famous men who joined in the work of the great Encyclopædia. At other times and in other writings Mr. Morley has pursued a kindred theme, and has given us essays on Turgot, Robespierre, and others. Of the thoughtful side of the French Revolution, of its theories and false creeds, its high dreams and delusions, of the spell they cast upon men's minds, of the part they bore in governing men's actions and exasperating their hearts, Mr. Morley writes with a fulness of discernment which few of his contemporaries equal, and with a sensibility which, though shallow critics call it sentimental, enables him to do justice to them all.

But Mr. Morley did not confine himself to the history of the French Revolution alone. In 1874 he produced an essay upon Compromise, which contains some of his most characteristic work. Seven years later he became the biographer of Cobden. Eight years later still he published a sketch of Walpole's life and long administration, which for succinct lucidity, historical acumen, and sustained brilliancy of style, he has never surpassed. Meantime he had been steadily acquiring fame as a journalist and politician. For some years he acted as editor of the *Literary Gazette*. In 1867 he began a connection with the *Fortnightly Review*, which continued unbroken almost up to the threshold of his Parliamentary career, and which led to the publication of a series of masterly essays, since collected in two volumes of Miscellanies. Subsequently Mr. Morley was for a time editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and in 1880 his association with the *Pall Mall Gazette* began. His memorable tenure of this post marks his transit from literature to politics. In Mr. Morley's hands the *Pall Mall Gazette* became a recognised organ of the best Liberal opinion. To a large extent it established its position as an organ of educated taste as well. It was in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Mr. Morley first pointed out the fundamental error of Liberal policy in Ireland, and the hopelessness of reconciling the methods of government then popular in Dublin, either with Liberal principles or with representative ideas. It was in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Mr. Morley first sounded the note of Mr Forster's retirement. And it was chiefly in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Mr.

Morley impressed his party with the steady insight and thoughtful conviction which inspired his political views.

At last, in the summer of 1883, Mr. Morley crossed the Rubicon, and bidding good-bye to the turmoils of journalism, entered into the serener sphere of statesmen. The death of Mr. Ashton Dilke left a vacancy at Newcastle, and Mr. Morley, who had already twice fought hopeless contests, consented to become the Liberal candidate. As member for Newcastle he rapidly assumed an important place in the House of Commons. He strongly supported the extension of the suffrage. He was known to disapprove of the policy of frequent intermeddling abroad which had produced some of the disasters in Egypt. He pronounced unequivocally for a radical change in the administration of Irish affairs. As the sessions passed, his reputation grew; and when, after the General Election of 1885, Mr. Gladstone determined to reverse his Irish policy, he called on Mr. Morley to carry into action the precepts which he had for years avowed. Mr. Morley became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and has since then ranked among the Liberal leaders. As a politician he has had his share of sharp blame and angry pity. Because he is distinguished in the world of letters, his opponents assail him as a literary doctrinaire. Some think him too extreme, others too limited. Others complain that he is blind to the duties and delights of empire. As an administrator he has had brief experience. As a Parliamentary tactician he has not always attained success. But on the platform, and in the presence of a serious audience, Mr. Morley is at his best, and the fine earnestness of his conviction rings then most clearly. It is this quality of earnest utterance, added to the sense that he is genuine, and not an interested man, which has made Mr. Morley a power. Recognising his loyal directness, men honour him because they feel that he possesses the gift which he attributed to Burke, "the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things, and in making their lives at once rich and austere."

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

FEW years ago the enthusiastic admirer of our national game might frequently have seen at Lord's cricket ground an old gentleman in a bath-chair attended by a very handsome young lady.

The apparent lack of interest in the spectacle, and the pensive, almost melancholy, beauty of the lady, might have suggested her as a suitable subject for the pen of a Miss Broughton or an Ouida. But in this case appearances would have once more sustained their reputation for deceiving; for the Countess of Dudley, although many years the Earl's junior, has always been characterised by far more common sense than was ever possessed by those interesting but somewhat irritating heroines of the great lady-novelists.

The Countess of Dudley is the third of the beautiful daughters of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, and has for several years been recognised as one of the beauties of the English aristocracy. She was married to the Earl of Dudley in 1865, and since that date has been constantly before the public—more frequently, it must be confessed, in connection with her various costumes and charming appearance than on account of any action of striking individuality.

The type of beauty represented by the Countess is a thoroughly English one; without the singularly perfect features of Miss Anderson, without the somewhat proud loveliness of the Duchess of Leinster, hers is rather the charm of simplicity and wistful melancholy, which seems to exercise such an invincible attraction for many of the male sex who can neither be commanded nor coaxed into adoration.

To those who have no knowledge of the Countess of Dudley's history, it would appear incredible that, with her still fresh beauty, she should have exercised the cares of maternity for over twenty years, but such is undoubtedly the fact, the present Earl having been born in 1867. The old Earl of Dudley died in 1885, leaving the Countess the guardian of the present Earl and six other children. The young widow was thus compelled to assume at an early age the character of Dowager, a part

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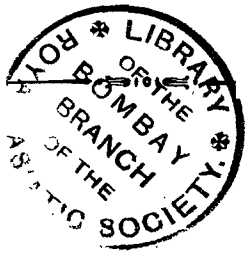
THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

which, however it may suit her disposition, is certainly most unfitting from the physical point of view.

Although the Moncrieffe family can boast of an ancient pedigree, the family into which Miss Moncrieffe married can boast of one still more ancient; for the Wards of Dudley, Stafford, go back as far as 1643. The old lord, who was the first earl, was elevated to the earldom in 1860 by Lord Palmerston, and his father was a statesman of some repute, while he himself obtained a First Class at Oxford, and was highly popular wherever he was known.

The Countess, however, continues to be what she always has been, a society beauty, and numberless are the paragraphs that have described and probably will still describe her as "looking charming" at some opera or state function.

If, as the noble poet desires, "Laws and learning, arts and commerce" are to die in order to "leave him still his old nobility," it is assuredly one of the duties of that old nobility to have its ladies beautiful and its lords chivalrous. It cannot be said of the Countess of Dudley that she is other than a conspicuous success in the characteristic attributed to her sex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SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

IN 1878 Sir Frederick Leighton was chosen, in succession to Sir Francis Grant, to fill the position of the official chief of British Art—a position which he has occupied with signal success, and with a dignity, grace, and tact altogether unprecedented in the history of the arts in England. Of all the presidents of the Royal Academy, from Reynolds downwards, Sir Frederick Leighton is allowed, by those most competent to judge, to be, without exception, the most brilliant and the most able. That Sir Joshua painted better, none would more readily admit than Sir Frederick himself; yet it is not as an artist, but as an administrator and as a standard-bearer that a president must be judged and criticised; and in the former of these dual capacities he has vindicated the dignity of his profession, and extorted the universal admiration and approval of his fellow-artists and of the public. His personal talents and acquirements are notoriously of an unusual order. His command, not only of language, but of languages, excels in purity, fluency, and elegance that of the majority of his most accomplished countrymen; while learning, research, and culture are biennially disclosed in his Royal Academy discourses—contributions to the literature of the fine arts which, as he himself has declared, exact as much trouble, and consume as much time, as the painting of a picture. Yet it is as an administrator that his superiority over his predecessors asserts itself. Only those who are familiar with the inner working of the Royal Academy, which must be considered as the Home Office in the Republic of Art, can realise how wearing, and how full of anxieties and responsibilities, is the lofty post of president. So far, Sir Frederick has borne the strain well. Time, it is true, has at length laid his bleaching hand upon the handsome head, silvered the curling locks and flowing beard, and with his finger has traced his mark upon the fine intellectual face—but kindly and lovingly, leaving to the refined features, where till recently was the beauty of youth, the beauty of advancing age. Nevertheless the figure, as vigorous as ever, seems to indicate the promise of long-continued health and strength.

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SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

As president of the Royal Academy, then, Sir Frederick's work, in its more public aspect, is well before the world, and the world has adjudged and recorded its verdict. But as chief director of the schools far less of his labours is known. It may be stated that, as might have been expected, the reforms recently instituted in that department were chiefly owing to the initiative and steady insistence of the president; and to introduce innovations into the Academy has always been a harder task than to reform a public Office or purge a Department.

Perhaps one of the pleasantest phases of his character is the delight he takes in helping the younger men and women under his rule, and stories of the many kindnesses he has shown form a frequent topic of conversation amongst the students. Among those which have come to the knowledge of the writer, one tells how he purchased a picture, painted for competition by an artist, who, though full of promise, did not win the prize. The young artist named £100 as the price, but Sir Frederick sent him a cheque for £200, wherewith the student was enabled to purchase such accessories as he required in the next competition, and he succeeded in achieving an almost unprecedented feat—carrying off the two principal scholarships for both subject and landscape painting.

So much has been written of late concerning the methods of painting of Sir Frederick; his aims and objects, that it is unnecessary to refer to them here; but it may be pointed out that on the walls of the Royal Academy no one upholds so nobly and successfully as he the sense of "style" in art. His work is rather of the decorative than of the realistic order. Others can paint, technically speaking, more brilliantly than he; others, again, have a richer and more splendid palette, and can place a scene of real life before the spectator with a vividness and a reality with which Sir Frederick could not vie, even did he choose to adopt that side of art. But for loftiness of style, for beauty of line, for grace, refinement, and delicacy, none can equal him, and he holds aloft the banner of the dignity of art, and thus vindicates his right to the position to which, with almost unanimous voice, his comrades elected him.

It was in 1855—that is to say, when he was twenty-five years of age—that the young Yorkshireman, who had already made so solid a reputation in Italy and elsewhere, exhibited at the Royal Academy his great picture of "Cimabue," which the Queen purchased forthwith; and six years later he produced his first work in sculpture—a sarcophagus, with a sculptured low-

relief portrait, that marks Elizabeth Barrett Browning's resting-place in the Campo Santo of Florence. Since that date sculpture has engaged his attention, if not his hand, as much as painting, and, doubtless, in the result has influenced for great good his feeling for line and form. What is perhaps his greatest plastic work, "The Athlete Wrestling with a Python," originated curiously enough in an accident—that is to say, in a pencil flourish an inch or two in height, meaning nothing in the first instance, but clearly suggesting the subject to the artist, who modelled the group at the strong recommendation of Professor Legros. To a similar accident, that of his model yawning, is due "The Sluggard"; but this fact would seem rather to suggest the adaptability and the readiness of the artist to appreciate beauty wherever he may find it, than any lack of initiative. In point of fact, the wealth of suggestion in respect of subject is in reality an unfortunate characteristic of the painter, who constantly finds himself tempted away from the work in hand in order to record some new idea, or to realise some new fancy.

Such is the present President of the Royal Academy—in heart a true artist, in society a true gentleman, and in all he undertakes a true enthusiast. Is this all? It is, perhaps to be doubted. If his friends speak truth, there is much that is paradoxical in his disposition, for many of those who know him best declare that they know him least. Amiable, courteous, and considerate in the world, he is even more so in private life, while ever and again leaks out the report of some new kindness or of some new secret charity. Still, few have ever felt that they have quite succeeded in reaching the man himself in his most intimate personality. What is this mystic armour in which he is encased, and what, if anything, does it conceal? Be it what it may, Sir Frederick Leighton is altogether one of the most engaging and delightful personages of the day, and none the less interesting for the strange characteristic which seems to add a measure of mystery to the latter-day Crichton of the Royal Academy.

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THE REV. DR. WARRE.

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TON has changed so much that we hardly know it," is a statement which has been made by successive generations of old Etonians from the days of Keate onwards; accompanied generally with an expression of thankfulness that in *their* days things were different from and better than the present system. Since the advent to power of the present head master this expression has, perhaps, been heard more often, and the feeling of thankfulness, at least on the part of those who remember an uninterrupted career of idleness and amusement at school, has been more sincere than before. No doubt the school has changed, and the reforms have been greater and more rapid since Dr. Warre became head master, but the Eton boys of to-day, if they have longer hours in school and have not the numerous opportunities of shirking which existed in old days, enjoy their school-life as much as any of their predecessors. It is due very largely to Dr. Warre that the extensive reforms of late years have been made without the least disturbance of the continuity of Eton traditions. In fact, many of the old Etonians, when they look back on the brightest, and what they believe to be the most characteristically Etonian incidents of their school career, are recalling what were once innovations due to Dr. Warre, innovations which were at the time viewed with very little favour by the keepers of the tradition of the day.

As assistant master, and finally as head master, of the leading public school, Dr. Warre has had an uninterrupted record of success; but it has been a success within the limits of the school, to which he has devoted all his energies, and he has never attempted to gain popular applause outside. In Eton itself Dr. Warre is, and has been for a long time, the dominant spirit; there is hardly anything living and moving in the school with which he has not been closely identified for many years past.

Yet in 1884 there was a considerable outside opposition to Dr. Warre's candidature for the vacant post of head master; and certain daily papers were energetic in support of another and much younger candidate, whose abilities as a scholar, a preacher, and an educational reformer, were extolled above those

of the present head master, who, it was alleged, had occupied himself with athletics and volunteering without having given any public proof of his capacity as a scholar or his earnestness as an educational reformer.

Those who knew Eton well, and knew what Dr. Warre had been doing there for nearly twenty-five years, could appreciate the hollowness of these assertions, whilst they could understand the grounds on which they were made.

Essentially a man of action, and possessed of an extraordinary amount of energy and capacity for work, Dr. Warre has never busied himself with matters lying outside his own immediate duties. Whilst he was assistant master, he formed, as everyone now knows, a thousand schemes of reform, but he never attempted, by giving public expression to his opinions, to put himself in the position of a critic of those who were placed above him. He has had always a great aversion to rushing into print, and as "hold your tongue" was almost a principle with him, he very rarely was induced to speak on public occasions. From the time that he was a boy at Eton Dr. Warre's achievements in the higher arena of intellect and the lower field of athletics have gone hand in hand. He left Eton at an early age, after gaining the Newcastle scholarship—the highest intellectual distinction to which an Eton boy can aspire—and although he did not row in the Eton eight, which was then chosen from among the friends of the captain rather than from the best oars in the school, he was successful in winning the school pair-oared races. At Balliol Dr. Warre's successes were almost phenomenal. He rapidly came to the fore as an oarsman; rowed twice in, and was once President of the University Boat; was one of the leading spirits in the then new volunteer movement in the University; and was able, in spite of these distractions, to obtain a first class in the Honour School of Literæ Humaniores, to be followed shortly afterwards by a Fellowship at All Souls' College. In 1860, Dr. Warre became an assistant master at Eton under Dr. Goodford, and held that position under the successive reigns of Dr. Balston and Dr. Hornby till his own promotion to the head mastership in 1884.

If fate had taken Dr. Warre to the army or navy instead of to college and teaching, he would undoubtedly have been a marked man in his profession. His love of nautical matters extends from his interest and prowess on the river to his studies, and he is recognised as one of the greatest living authorities on ancient naval shipbuilding and tactics. There are many who can remember the building of Ulysses' raft in the school

workshop—another offspring of Dr. Warre's energy—at Eton; and many were the learned and practical demonstrations which boys and masters endured at the time of the exact technical English equivalents for the Greek words vulgarly translated by earlier authors as nails and ties. The building of Ulysses' raft was soon followed by the construction of a model trireme, and in this matter the practical experience of the oarsman enabled Dr. Warre to score a signal victory over a profound German adversary, for he triumphantly demonstrated that specious as the foreign professor's explanation of the position of the three tiers of rowers was, no human being could possibly have used an oar in the position assigned to them.

Dr. Warre's powers as an organiser and leader would certainly have made him an excellent soldier. Many Etonians will connect his name inseparably with the Eton volunteers, of which he was many years the commanding officer, having raised the corps from a moribund condition to a position unique amongst public school corps. In fact, so enamoured is the head master of military system and discipline, that on his accession to office there were well grounded fears among his subordinates that the whole school was going to be worked on the principles of a military academy, and that the boys would shortly be assembled by bugle call and the classes marched to their respective quarters in fours.

All Etonians can form a clear picture of Dr. Warre—the colossal figure, determined, yet genial, expression, and deep commanding voice are not easily forgotten. Nor can those who were in his house or otherwise closely connected with him forget his kindness of heart and cordial sympathy, hidden sometimes under a military severity of manner. At his own table Dr. Warre expands and becomes full of good humour and anecdote. His hospitality is unlimited, and he is as cordial and attentive to the boys whom he invites as to the most honoured guest. A representative of the almost extinct school of muscular Christianity, Dr. Warre does not despise the good things of this life; he is free from the affectation of unnecessary virtues. Possibly Dr. Warre may sometimes be a little overpowering in his manliness, but Etonians can be thankful that their head master is of the right sort, absolutely straightforward and devoid of mawkishness. Long may Eton flourish under his guidance.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

T is not often that hereditary influences count for so much with an author's descendants as has been the case with some of the children and grandchildren of Dr. Arnold. Representatives of three generations of the Arnold family have now distinguished themselves as peacemakers between the new and the old ideas in the religious world, and have attempted to harmonise Christianity with the advanced literary criticism and scientific knowledge of the nineteenth century. Dr. Arnold's work in this direction was no less remarkable than his work as a schoolmaster, and he is regarded by many as the founder of the Broad Church party in the Church of England. Matthew Arnold, his distinguished son, forsook for a time poetry and *belles lettres* in order to preach to a materialistic and "barbarian" society "the sweet reasonableness of Jesus." In bolder accents, and with finer literary gifts than his father, he carried on the work of upholding in opposition to the agnostics on the one hand, and the theologians on the other, "the natural truth of Christianity." And lately we have seen Mrs. Humphry Ward coming forward, ostensibly as a novelist, but in reality as the preacher of the New Reformation, which her grandfather and uncle before her did so much towards establishing.

Her father is Mr. Thomas Arnold, the second son of Dr. Arnold, and she was born at Hobart, Tasmania, in 1851. She came to England when she was five years of age, and resided first at Birmingham, then at Dublin, and afterwards at Oxford. In 1872 she was married to Mr. Thomas Humphry Ward, Fellow and Tutor of Brazenose College, Oxford. Her husband is a leader-writer and art critic on the *Times*, and is the editor of "The English Poets," "The Reign of Queen Victoria," and several other books. Mrs. Ward was for some years a contributor to various periodicals, including *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Saturday Review*. She also assisted largely in the compilation of Smith and Wace's "Dictionary of Christian Biography." In 1882 she published her first book, "Milly and Olly," a story for children, and this was shortly afterwards followed by a novel entitled "Miss Bretherton." Both these books received a large amount of attention

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MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

from the reading public, but their merit was scarcely pronounced enough to encourage the idea that the authoress was likely to achieve any great success as a novelist. She next appeared as the translator of Amiel's "Journal Intime," and it was probably during the hours she spent over this work that the inspiration which resulted in "Robert Elsmere" first took definite shape in her mind. To realise fully the philosophic cast of Mrs. Ward's mind, and the singular ease with which she handles metaphysical formulæ, one has only to read her excellent Introduction to the "Journal Intime." The extent and depth of her reading are apparent in everything she writes, and her wide acquaintance with French and German literature is not the least remarkable of her many accomplishments.

"Robert Elsmere" was commenced in 1885, and was published by Smith, Elder and Co. in February, 1888. In friendly circles the appearance of the novel had been looked forward to for some time with eager expectations; but few, even of those who were best acquainted with Mrs. Ward's powers, anticipated the reception which the book met with from the first day of publication. "Robert Elsmere" became the book of the season. Theologians denounced its dangerous religious tendencies, literary critics ridiculed its moral purpose, but everybody read the book. To what cause, we may well ask, is the extraordinary popularity of the story due? Many wise and many foolish answers have been given to this question. "Mr. Gladstone read and reviewed the book, and therefore it instantly became popular," is a favourite explanation, even with those who hold that Mr. Gladstone in 1886 irretrievably discredited himself in the eyes of his countrymen. Very few people are bold enough to attribute the success to the artistic qualities of the story, or to the exceptional dramatic skill of the novelist. Regarded merely as a novel, it is obvious that the book cannot take a high rank. The absence of humour, the moral aim, and the undisguised hero-worship of the central figure are fatal blots in a story which aspires to be a work of art. Persons uninterested in religious questions find the whole book supremely dull. Thousands of men and women, however, who are troubled with religious doubts have found, in the mental history of "Robert Elsmere," their own experiences interpreted. The book appealed to that vague sense of uneasiness—that hungering for something which shall satisfy intellect as well as heart, which is common at the present day even in orthodox circles. It was really quite amusing to notice the kind of person who was sometimes to be found reading the story. People who would not admit the "Vie de

Jésus" into their houses, eagerly read "Robert Elsmere" from start to finish. Yet the difference in the point of view between the two books is comparatively small. The human interest in the story is, on the other hand, not insignificant, and there is much skill and charm shown in the various character sketches. But the theological element dominates the whole book. It is a story with a purpose, and the fact that an effort was made shortly after its publication to establish an Elsmere Hall, where the doctrines of the New Brotherhood could be taught, is a sufficient indication of the sincerity of Mrs. Ward as a moral reformer. Having abandoned all belief in supernatural revelation and in miracle, she looks to a reformed Christianity as the religion of the future. On this theme she is always ready to speak, and with the refinement and spirituality which spring from culture and a strong religious temperament.

One may be pardoned for wishing sometimes that Mrs. Ward felt the importance of these problems less acutely. With much of the genius of the artist in her nature, it is too often subordinate to her taste for the pulpit. We should, however, be guilty of a great injustice if we forgot, in our final estimate of her powers, the fact that she is an Arnold with perhaps an inherited bent for the *rôle* of a religious reformer. But just as some of us regret that the author of the "Essays in Criticism," of "Thyrsis," and of "Stanzas in Memory of the Author of Obermann," should have devoted so much time and intellectual power to controversies with the theologians, so there are many admirers of Mrs. Ward who would willingly sacrifice all the theology and moralisings of "Robert Elsmere" and his puritanical wife for a story where the artistic genius which created Rose Leyburn and Langham might have fuller opportunity for asserting itself.

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SIR HENRY PONSONBY.

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THE name of Ponsonby has long been associated with the soil of Cumberland ; but the founder of the fortunes of the house was Sir John Ponsonby, colonel of horse under Oliver Cromwell, who received a grant of confiscated land in Kilkenny. It is impossible here to trace the process of evolution by which this grim old Roundhead became the progenitor of two such devoted servants of royalty as Sir Henry Frederick Ponsonby, and his cousin Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane. Suffice it to say, that the third son of the colonel of "Ironsides" was made a peer by George I., and that a succession of Whigs and warriors brought the line down to Frederick, third Earl of Bessborough, whose second son, Major-General Sir Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby, was the father of the subject of this memoir. Sir F. C. Ponsonby inherited the fighting capacities of his ancestor. He played a gallant part throughout the Peninsular War, from Talavera to Vittoria, and was severely wounded at Waterloo. Henry Frederick Ponsonby was born at Corfu, on December 10th, 1825, and, passing through Sandhurst, joined the 49th Foot at the age of seventeen. Two years later he was transferred to the Grenadier Guards ; and in 1846 his uncle, Lord Duncannon, being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, took young Ponsonby to the Castle as his aide-de-camp. This break in regimental duties lasted, with a short interval, for nearly ten years, since three Viceroys in succession retained the clever and handsome guardsman as private secretary. But in 1855 the son of the Peninsular veteran, weary of civil life, joined the Grenadier Guards in the Crimea, and served with distinction until the fall of Sebastopol, receiving the medal with clasp, and the third class of the order of the Medjidieh. The Prince Consort, having a keen eye for ability, selected him in January, 1857, as an equerry, and the wisdom of the choice was amply justified. From the date of his appointment until the death of his great and gifted master, Colonel Ponsonby did his work at Court with such zeal and discretion as to win the entire confidence of the Queen, who transferred him to her own personal staff.

After the sad calamity of December, 1861, he returned to his regimental duties, and commanded a battalion of the Grenadier Guards in Canada.

In April, 1870, the death of the Hon. Charles Grey caused a vacancy in the Household, and he came back to Court as Private Secretary to Her Majesty. This office was only created at the end of the last century, and sticklers for the constitution are disposed to doubt whether it ought to exist at all. No little honour is due to Sir Henry Ponsonby for having fulfilled his delicate duties during twenty years without rousing a murmur of discontent, or even attracting individual attention. It is no light matter to deal with the vast mass of correspondence that daily demands the Queen's attention; and the task calls for unswerving fidelity and unerring tact, for he who undertakes it must frequently have an intimate cognisance of secrets of State, and of the relations subsisting between the Crown and the Cabinet. In 1879 Lieutenant-General Ponsonby was made K.C.B., in recognition of his loyal services; and next year he became Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Member of the Privy Council. The Privy Purse is also an office of recent date, for it only became necessary when the grant for the private expenditure of the Sovereign was strictly separated from the various other charges falling under the *Civil List*. Sir Henry Ponsonby has to keep an account of the £60,000 a year paid to Her Majesty for her own personal use. His functions in no way trench upon those of his cousin, Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, who controls the funds of the Lord Chamberlain's department. Except as regards pensions accorded to the recipients of royal bounty, and gifts to those phenomenally fruitful mothers who give birth to triplets, no part of his work comes under the public eye. The business is transacted in an office at Buckingham Palace, and is as purely a private affair as the management of any nobleman's estate. Sir Henry is probably the only man in England who could settle authoritatively the vexed question as to the savings and investments of the Crown. He very prudently keeps his information to himself. The Grand Cross of the Bath was conferred on him in 1887; and he has for many years been Receiver-General of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1861 he married a maid-of-honour, Miss Mary Elizabeth Bulteel, daughter of Mr. John Crocker Bulteel, M.P., and granddaughter of Earl Grey. He has three sons, two of whom hold commissions in the Guards, and two daughters. Sir Henry is a familiar figure in all great ceremonies, and his genial unaffected manner has made him a favourite "with all sorts and conditions of men." His clear-cut features, aquiline nose, and tawny pointed beard are characteristic of the Ponsonby race, which has always preserved, in spite of transplantation to Irish soil, the physical attributes and the mental vigour of its forefathers in the north country.

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